Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1832. Whole No. 591.

COLONADE ROW, PHILADELPHIA.

DESCRIPTION.

Colonade Row is a block of ten buildings situated on the south side of Chesnut, extending from Tenth to Eighth, nearly to Seventh street. The buildings are at present, we believe, generally owned by their occupants—were projected and commenced in 1830—Mr. Haviland being the architect. From the novelty and beauty of their appearance, they excite great attention, and consequently in fact one of the handsomest squares of buildings in Philadelphia. The plan as suggested by the architect above mentioned, was carried into execution by that gentleman in connection with the Messrs. Blight and a number of mechanics, each one of whom became the owner of a single building; most of them, however, have since been disposed of to private gentlemen. The houses are of brick, but have been handsomely coated on the exterior of stone—each building is four stories high, in addition to the basement story. Each has three ornamental pillars in front, upon which a piazza rests, extending about eight feet north. Each building occupies twenty feet of ground front, and the lot extends one hundred and forty-three feet in depth. The interior of them all are superbly finished. Two-thirds of the whole square is at once neat and beautiful, and we are only surprised, this experiment having been so successful, that other buildings of similar appearance and construction have not been erected in various portions of the city. The west end of the square closes with the celebrated mansion of the Messrs. Blight, built on a scale of magnificence unexampled. The interior of this dwelling is decorated with East India ornaments and the whole presents a most attractive view. We have had an engraving of Colonnade Row made, as well that the character of the buildings is somewhat novel, as that their location is in the most fashionable section of the city. A few years hence, and Chesnut street will be built up from the Delaware to the Schuylkill. The spirit of improvement is more discernible in this street than in any other in Philadelphia. The fact, that at this time there are beyond Colonnade Row twenty-three new houses in the course of construction, speaks in a language of the most unequivocal character as to the progress of improvement in this quarter of Philadelphia. Our city is already remarkable for the admirable rows of stores and dwelling houses which line the various prominent streets, and from the many that are now being built, it promises to be still more so. Taking Chesnut street as an example, there is probably no single street in any city of the Union ornamented by more splendid specimens of architecture. The U. States Bank and the Mint, just finished, are admirable specimens—to say nothing of the various other banks—Boston Row—the mansion of H. Kuhn, Esq.—the Theatre—Masonic Hall; Arcade, &c. &c. all of which are in Chesnut street.

From the Gospel Advocate.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

By Horace Nesbit, a Lunatic in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

O! Venus, lovely evening star!
Diffusing gentle rays afar;
How much superior in thy form,
To lady's fair whom thou takest thy name.
She lavisheth heedless man astray;
Thou lightest wanderers on their way.

The tumults of the earth was stayed,
The tempest wasted around my head,
As onward, onward, still I journeyed on,
Through darkness while I journeyed on,
Looking for some gentle ray,
To light a wanderer on his way.

When soon, with gladness and surprise,
I rose from the contracting skies,
Cheering the dismal gloom of night,
With gentle, friendly, soothing light,
Complete in all the glory of day,
To light a wanderer on his way.

O! thou, amidst universe cause to flow,
Or strong passions and the breast,
And in dark tempest struggling peel,
May consciences be the seal,
And with serene and sober rays,
Conduct the wanderer on his way.

Let others toil for wealth and fame,
Or coil ambition for a name,
To follow what delusion yields,
Unmindful of you starry fields;
Thou who teaches such docility
Mislead the wanderer on his way.

To them their pleasures I resign,
The riveting wit of women mines
With this no other light we need,
The true, man's destined path shall lead,
To the cool seats of blessed day,
Where ends the wanderer's earthly way.

TO RICHARD NISBET,

Hearing his Address to the Evening Star.

Oh the neck and shoulders of David, and the bright Morning Star—Rev. xxii. 16.

Poor maniac! how I pity thee,
Thou hast no other star excell'd to see;
Are there that shine but this we need,
Bright, luminous, kindly rays to lead.
See it not upon heavenly way.
Shall ever chance thee on thy way.
Insult! to slander innocent ideas,
A maniac heedless star raises,
Offering lifeless joy after;
To the "bright and Morning Star."
This refuse to a glorious day,
And leaves the pilgrim on his way.

"The evening star or regent" shines,
"The bright and Morning Star" he coins;
"Shines many head in that cold sky,"
Wherever's the wanderer's earthly way,"
But when the years this star shall run,
And point the pilgrim to the skies.
Or lonely, "bright and Morning Star,"
Spread thro' the generous heavens afar,
And make the light of truth thrive.
In every human bosom shine;
Conduct the pilgrim on his way;
To realms of an eternal day.

In thou my guide, whene'er I roam,
And lead me to my heavenly home;
O! light me in that blessed shore,
Where friends shall meet to part no more.
Gather all nations from afar,
And be to them a "Rising Star."

CLERICUS.

REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

The following ode was composed by a young lady of [illegible] on the removal of several tribes of Indians from [illegible] to the west of the Mississippi, in the fall of [illegible]

"Who goes from our land to the setting " far west,"
Where night in the forest's green bosom a rest;
Where [illegible] and the light bounding deer,
Range through the wilderness, the brown buffaloe;
Where [illegible] shall plunder their wigwams no more,
Where [illegible] "long harvest" to rest in grave;
Where [illegible] shall mingle again,
Worship and dance in their own verdant plain;
Where no winter no more shall sweep;
For there it does not shall be seasons of joy!
Where they no thanks for their own native home.
Where [illegible] in peace and in quiet could roam!
Where [illegible] of their fathers in silvery repose,
Where [illegible] the evening and sun with blushing rose!
Where they not think of the summits they have roved
Where [illegible] of those who in life they revered!
Where [illegible] have given to our choice and new ground,
Where [illegible] and cherish new loves;
Where [illegible] all happiness—the sky in all hues,
Where [illegible] in the embrace of the Great Manitou *
Where [illegible] there will ever assert
Where [illegible] the mind—they gave's o'er the heart:
Where [illegible] fields will there roam,
Where [illegible] towards their own native home.

L. M. G.

* The Indian title for the "Great Spirit."

From the Casket for November.

THE MINIATURE.

By Mrs. Jane K. Locke.

I would it were not mine to talk of the unfortunate, but the reminiscences of our early days, be they grave or gay, exert an influence on the heart; they hallow the feelings and often make us better beings.

Nearly a year had elapsed since Edward Warren and his young and beautiful bride took up their residence in the city of Philadelphia, when on a bitter cold morning, in November, they were early aroused from their sleep by the cries of distress at the street door, which seemed the wailings of an infant. They immediately opened it, regardless what burthen might be consequent, and beheld upon the stepping stone an infant which appeared about two weeks old. It was closely wrapped in a nice flannel blanket, thus lonely folded in a beautiful cloak, which had the appearance of having been worn by a female of rank, and deposited in a neat little willow basket. Feelings of pity at once arose in each breast—pity for the helpless infant thus cast out upon an uncharitable world, a stigma to itself, and early prepared as a mark for that pestilence—

"——— Whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world."—

Pity for the misfortunes of one, though unknown, who had thus degraded herself, and who was equally an object for compassion, whether driven by want and woe to tear her infant from her bosom, and stifle the agony the act occasioned, (oh, bitterest of all agony,) lest the "uttering world" should taunt and jeer, and to conceal her fallen state and save her from abandonment of that world, whose approbation, perhaps, she hated, while she sought and exposed it to the whirling blasts of autumn and the mercy of strangers; or who could calmly and tamely, in her unhallowed career, give her offspring to the winds, without repentance or remorse, and then return to her abominable pleasures, adding crime to crime, and thus effectually and virtually shut out the blessings of the Omnipotent. Oh, the wretchedness, the degradation and depravity of that person, who can, in the full light of reason, pursue a course on which no blessing of heaven was ever known to rest, and to which no holy promise was ever given! The infant hushed its tones of woe as they opened the door, and seemed to listen as though it were conscious that aid was near. Though too young to fix any visible expression of joy upon the face, yet it evinced a quietude and calmness that told it had no more to ask, and conveyed a thankfulness and gratitude as powerful and acceptable as the language of maturer years would have prompted. As they took the child from the basket, they found deposited by its side a note addressed in the following manner—" whoever shall take pity on this infant may rest assured that it is not the offspring of one hackneyed in the ways of vice, but of a wretched fallen creature, whose love was weakness and its effect crime; but as it was her first, her only one, of such a nature, so in the strength of heaven it shall be her last; and she is thus compelled to abandon it while her bosom is wrung with agony at the deed—a bereaved mother's agony—to save herself from actual beggary. She hopes the above confession and resolution will secure for the babe tenderness and compassion, and may the blessing of heaven long rest upon those whose kind and generous bosoms may shield and shelter it from the cruelties of earth." Neither Warren nor his wife hesitated a moment as to what they should do with the child. They were in circumstances of affluence, and might be childless, and as it was a boy, they would cherish it as their own son; and at such an age adopted, none, not even the child itself, need ever know—it was a foundling. The boy grew in favor with its foster parents as it grew in strength, and every day they felt more interested in him, and every day saw new attractions. But when it began to look around in its innocence, as childhood ever does, for some one that it may claim as its guardian angel, it was then that they threw aside all reserve and restraint, and cherished and caressed it with the affection of its real parents. It was, however, scarcely a year old, when heaven was pleased to add to the family of Warren a daughter, to them a precious blessing, the choicest boon they had ever received from its bounty. The children grew up together, never having been separated until they were sixteen years old. The young Edward manifested every kindness for his sister, and she returned it with all the tenderness and frankness of woman's nature. Every advantage for education was given them by the fond and doting parents, and no partiality could ever be discovered, not even so much as the self-interested and jealous eye could spy out, and such an one there was to watch their daily movements. The young and beautiful Sarah Amesbury was intimate with Mrs. Warren, and scarcely a day passed during the infancy of Edward, that she was not a visitant at the house. It was known that she had been two years absent from the city, on a visit to some friend in the country, that she returned a few months previous to the supposed birth of Edward Warren, and that she suffered soon after her arrival a long illness. But, being an only child of the most wealthy parents in the city, of superior endowments and qualifications both natural and acquired, and so young, with every pretension to chastity and virtue, it needed a tongue like the Delphic oracle to fix suspicion of wrong upon her. To Edward she seemed particularly attached; she would frolic with him for hours, and then caress him as though he had been indeed her own child; and sometimes Mrs. Warren had observed a sadness creep over her as she folded him in her arms, and often a tear would gather, though soon and secretly wiped. Such sorrow seemed strange in one so young and of such spirits; but none had ever thought to render any cause for it, and as unsuspected as her smiles, it passed away. But fifteen years his senior, the time was soon overstepped, and Edward Warren and Sarah Amesbury were seen mingling in the same apparently gay and happy circle.

But who may tell where the gayest seem,
How troubled and dark their gladdest dreams.

The distinctions of age were unobserved between the two, as Sarah had a very youthful brow, and deep thought and study had given to Edward a more mature look than the man of twenty usually possesses. It was not, therefore, thought a strange thing that he bestowed his almost undivided attention upon her. He was at this time a member of Yale College, New Haven, and his frequent visits at home kept up the uncommon friendship and familiarity between him and Sarah, and the brotherly intimacy between him and his sister, to whom every secret thought was confided. She readily discovered the strong attachment he felt for Sarah, and even dared to remonstrate with him on its folly. She told him it was a mere boyish freak, that had grown up in the silence of his cloister without root, and would pass away with the fancies of his youth and the vagaries of his college days, that there could be no similarity of thought and feeling necessary to a happy union between persons who differed in age so widely. He did not feel the truth of her remarks, yet he listened to them with the kindness and attention that similar reproofs were usually given and received by each, and at length he calmly replied—" Emily, I have made no manifestations of guilelove or attachment to Sarah Amesbury; I have at least one virtue, that of having kept my feelings a secret from her, and am therefore free from the black guilt of having encouraged affection to wither, and cherished hopes but to fade. I will, therefore, if mine own heart will bear the trial, though it now shrinks from the mere attempt, crush the secret intruder, ere he has entirely sacked and pillaged this empire within, for I am perfectly aware, that to a heartless and calculating world, it must seem the very height of folly, or the mere sport of boyhood; and even to you, my sister, whose world is your heart, it may seem a peurile and abortive passion, and therefore I will no more of it." And the resolution, for the moment, was as imperative as his language.

This conversation passed during a private excursion to a pleasant little grove that then stood a little distance from the city, and which was the common resort of the young and the gay, the sentimental and the sober, to pass an idle hour. It was scarcely finished when Sarah Amesbury, attended by an elderly gentleman, joined them. The gentleman was a stranger to Edward, and introduced as Mr. Furbush. It was enough—when he saw another performing the offices of kindness, and it might be of affection, to one he *had* loved—yes, had *loved*—and that even now, his resolution screened, and he wished him beneath the tropics, or in Zahara's desert, far from the intercourse of man and all exciting cause to love ought but nature and its God. A sadness insensibly crept over his spirits, and he stole homeward with his laughing sister in solitude and silence. It was now for the first time, that he resolved to bury his feelings in his own bosom, nor suffer his sister to read their evolutions. But shame alone prompted the determination, for but an hour before, and he had positively declared to her that he would destroy all affection for Sarah; and now he had retracted it, lost his self-control, was willing to renounce all other guidance, and abandon himself to the fluctuations of passion, and he therefore resolved to avoid all further communication of his feelings, and shrank within himself for shame of his weakness. At length his college vacation expired, and the day for his departure arrived. The family exchanged adieus with him, and he was on his way to Connecticut; but many a bitter thought arose in his mind as he journeyed, and he could not but reflect how different were his feelings now from what they were when he last travelled over these sands. Folly has a strong arm and a giant grasp, and her government is despotism. Edward could not forget the object of his affections in the solitude of his study, but with every theme a sentiment was blended, which by many a scholar has been deemed, though falsely, a degradation to him. But still I should indeed tremble for the order of literary institutions at this day, if the restrictions of Pythagoras and Lycurgus were to be adopted, and have no doubt but many a tragedy would be acted, that would prove Æsop's story of Cupid and Death not altogether a fable. However it was near the close of the term that, fortunately, was to finish Edward's college life, and he knew his feelings must have utterance. At length, after resolving and pining upon his resolution, and again resolving and again pining, he came to the calm and full determination of writing to Sarah. " If she reject my suit," said he to himself, " I am quite sure I shall ever retain her friendship, and she is so kind and so candid that I need not fear exposing myself to her ridicule." The letter was accordingly written, with alternate hope and fear, but conveying a true statement of his feelings, and with the modesty of youth and dignity of manhood, begging her to listen to him with tenderness and forbearance, then shut and sealed with the lover's signet. It reached Philadelphia in due season, but a more unexpected or unanticipated document was never forwarded or received. Sarah recognised the hand writing in the superscription, and with a calm spirit she broke the seal. No bright vision of love overshadowed her heart, and no dream of joy stole in upon her soul. These had passed with her youth. " The silver cord and the golden bowl were broken," and she had flitted among the gay crowd as though no corroding sorrow were at her heart, and no trench had ever drained it of its gladness. She had laughed with the merry and smiled with the glad, and none knew that hypocrisy was within, and she was bearing about a broken spirit. She had been distinguished for her wealth and pointed at as the heiress of thousands, and none knew she was poor at heart, and that disappointment and woe had eaten up her treasures. She had been admired and worshipped for every excellence, and none knew that unkindness and wrong had made her scorn alike the trophies of the lover, the admiration of the great, and the honors of the world.

Ah, what a mighty leveller is woe; it makes the throne and the cottage of equal altitude and dimensions, and yet it is the proudest thing under heaven. It had led the weary and the hopeless to appear in the world as unburthened as childhood, and as light and glad as though her bosom had never been pierced by the arrow of affliction. But now, for a moment, it had lost its lifting power, and had aside its loftiness. The past, with all its wrongs and injuries, its bitter throes and quenchless agonies, its blighted hopes and buried joys, its reproaches and remorse, rose up at once before her, and with a rage that seemed a mania of the soul, the lover's vows and protestations were committed to the flames. And throwing herself back in the chair, she exclaimed, " Ah me, how have I added sin to sin! Can it be possible that a *mother's* tender yearnings for her own, which the broad glare of a reviling world could not entirely subdue, have been mistaken for the romantic passion that seems glowing in his breast! Oh, what a fearful destiny is mine! Concealment has been—not my ruin, for that was sealed long ago; but the ruin of one dear to me as my own life. I would—but I will not curse my being. There is a spirit within that bids me humble myself, be thankful for it, and cherish it even in the darkest hour; and though my pathway over earth is hedged about with thorns; still there are bright hopes that look beyond the tomb, which the chastened spirit, in repentance and faith, may dare to claim. I may yet live to teach others how to bear misfortune, and shun the errors and follies of my youth." And she rose up with renewed resolution of heart.

Long and dreary were the hours which measured out the time that intervened till Edward Warren received the expected answer to his letter, and when the brief epistle came, it was involved in mystery and breathed not of encouragement or hope. It merely told him that his avowal was unanticipated, that the object of his affections was much his senior, and though the tresses of her youth were yet brightly flowing, yet a few years more and age and care would have blanched the locks and furrowed the brow, and proclaimed the distinction: she remonstrated with him on the folly of cherishing a passion so extravagant, and of which he some day might have cause to repent; and, to conclude, she said no person could feel a greater interest in his welfare, or rejoice more in his happiness than she. But there were reasons, which, on his return, should be revealed to him, why his affection for her was a hopeless thing; and bade him think no more of it, but come to her as soon as he returned to the city. Feelings of wounded pride and hopeless affection, for a moment, bowed his spirit low; but the obscurity and uncertainty which still veiled his hopes, buoyed him up until his college life was finished, and he graduated with the highest honors. But what are honors, nay, what is power coupled with "blasted hopes and withered joy!" What, too, is literary greatness, if the heart be solitary, and we must wear the grandeur of renown alone.

" Who that an hour adorned would live,
For all that wealth or fame can give."

Edward returned to his home, and was greeted by his mother and sister with their usual kindness though they wondered at his long silence, and felt hurt by his unusual reserve. He knew he deserved their censure, and he would now have gladly shrunk from their observation; but he rendered some slight excuse to them, and though it did but pain them more, as they saw evident proof that their accusations were just, yet it served as a form of excuse at least, and he left their presence. The evening to him impatiently drew on, and he sought the residence of Sarah Amesbury. With the speed of the wind he was borne to the threshold, where, waiving city forms and fashionable ordinances, he was met by the very being he had dared to love, who appeared with all ease and grace of a Hebe, and he was so filled with awe by her presence that he could have knelt at her feet and worshipped. With a cordial grasp of the hand she welcomed him, and no struggling of girlish affection within embarrassed her manner, or mounted the warm blood to her cheek; but pale and calm she moved to the parlor. A few common place observations passed between them, and the *business* of the evening called their attention.

" You received my letter, Sarah," said Edward, " did you?"

" Yes," she replied, " and you mine I suppose."

" I did," he answered, " but it was so overshadowed with mystery, that it needed the explanation you promised, and I am come to hear it and learn my fate." And again the fond hopes of his love flashed up, and he fancied—oh foolish fancy—that he was in turn beloved.

A long and breathless pause ensued. Notwithstanding her last words, he moved on lifting the veil that had so long concealed her history and his own, and repented with tears of anguish that it had been hidden; yet now, when occasion demanded it, and they had met for the revealment, she shrunk from the disclosure. But her decree had gone forth, and after struggling with it a few moments, she said, with a faltering voice, and still veiling he words in mystery—" Edward Warren, you must not, you cannot, accuse me of indifference. You may roam the wide world over, and you will fail to find a love like mine; you may search the tropics and make the circle of the zones, and you will not find a heart that beats so fondly and yearns so tenderly for you as mine *own*. Yet there is a barrier between us that no circumstances can overstep, and no situation remove." And as she essayed to speak on—

" Oh cease, it is enough," he cried, " you have already sealed my doom."

" Nay, but hear me," she replied, " my tongue is loose, and my heart is ready for the agony. I have watched with ceaseless anxiety over thy infancy, looked on thy boyhood with gladness, as I saw thy genius unfolding and brightening, and with delight and pride have stood in thy manhood's path, and with untamed joy have watched the honors of thy destiny. But be calm, it was the anxiety, the joy, and pride, that a *mother only* feels! Yes, forgive my wrong—my sin—and listen patiently, while I tell thee I am thy mother! But do not start—can you not believe it, or do you spurn me from you in hatred? Listen but a moment longer, and you will learn to look with mercy on my error, and if you cannot forgive, at least pity my weakness. Had it not been for him, my father—I would I could bless his memory—but can I bless him who has made me a thing accursed—whose grave is green with the herbage of many a summer—you had been the lawful heir of Eldred Irving, than whom a more honorable man our country could not boast, and had now no need to blush at the recollection of thy parentage. My early and my latest affection were his, and we had hoped, nay, planned, to

' Wander heart-linked through the busy world.
Like birds in eastern story.'

My father, though he had no particular objection to Irving, thought it a mere childish passion that excited my bosom, and that it were best nipt in the bud, and therefore forbade all intercourse between us; and when he learned my situation, he was filled with rage, and threatened ruin and destruction upon him who was to be the father of my child. Eldred lingered about the city in disguise, and sought opportunities of meeting me secretly, and was ready at any moment to remove the stain upon his honor by a public announcement and avowal of his love, and take me to his bosom as his wife. My father having learned, by means of a servant, that we had secret intercourse and correspondence with each other, as if to seal up my woe from all sympathy, doomed me to the desolation of a barred and bolted apartment. Many a month was wasted in the solitude of my own chamber, that the world might not witness my disgrace, and to secure me from even the commiseration of one, who had caused my ruin and was pining to raise me from my fall, and whose heart was but a counterpart of my own sufferings. Many a weary month and thou wert cast upon the world, an orphan born—nay, worse than orphan—

' His gold, his glory, and his name,
Were all denied to thee.'

It then became a matter of interest to my parents how to conceal my child. This world was yet ignorant of my misfortune, and such a blight upon our house had lowered my father's head with shame, and been like Eden's curse. It was proposed that a servant should take the infant at night, and expose it in the street to the mercy of those whose compassion might save it from the pitiless blasts of autumn and from a lingering death. Remonstrance was in vain, though my heart was wrung with agony at the thought, and unless I would consent to this plan, I must leave my father's roof and seek a refuge elsewhere, and to save myself from beggary I consented. Secretly I gave the servant a note, to be deposited in the basket that contained my child, and directed her to place it at the threshold of those whom thou hast ever recognised as thy parents, believing their kind and generous hearts would compassionate the infant, and save it from perishing. Oh, what a night was that!—Sleepless, indeed, to me, and rather than the endurance I would have lived in obscurity and disgrace. The winds howling and the blast beating, and the infant of my bosom wantonly exposed to their wrath. But I lived to see the morning, and the day had not advanced far ere I ascertained that my child was shielded, sheltered, and loved; and I was then comparatively happy, though positive happiness was never again mine. Never have I seen Irving since I first took the seclusion of my chamber; but I learned on my recovery, that, finding my father inexorable, he left the city in despair and rage, and was soon after reported dead. From that hour my heart has been a withered thing, and my hopes in eternity. I have watched thy infancy, thy youth, thy dawning manhood, as a guardian spirit, and hoped that thine would be a brighter lot, and have only waited a fit occasion—oh, God, was it this?—to unveil the mystery of thy birth.

" I trust already thy love has faded into filial affection, and thy admiration to pity." She paused, and Edward, who sat during the rehearsal motionless as a statue, now writhing his sinewy frame, exclaimed—

" Gracious heaven, what a recital! Art thou indeed my mother, and this the history of thy wrongs and sufferings! Oh, I pity thee, but still am constrained to worship thy excellence, though the passion of my boyhood has indeed faded, and become blended with respect and awe, due to her who gave me birth. And what can I do to serve thee, my mother; already I feel an outcast, and as one dependant on the bounty of strangers, and what I do must be done speedily, for to-morrow I shall leave the roof that has so long sheltered me, and the friends who by their bounty have rendered themselves dear to my heart. But I cannot live on charity longer, and therefore I must go."

" My son," she replied, " I need nothing from thy hand: I have wealth to bear me above want and care, yet it saves me not from woe. But the concealment of thy story and my own, has worn upon my spirit till my words of earth are few, and I shall ere long lay me down to unbroken repose, and the stranger from my tomb, will

' Turn to some other monument, nor know
Whose grave he passes or whose name he reads.'

And dost thou resolve on leaving the abode of thy infancy to-morrow? Do nothing rashly, my son. Concealment must still be our motto. But those who have cherished you, will love and cherish still, and you may yet be blest again. But if you are resolved on going, go—and here are treasures to speed thy way." And she poured into his lap the contents of a bag, which in gold and silver amounted to a large sum. Then drawing from her bosom a miniature of herself, she added, " will you take that also. It is a good likeness, and elegantly set, as you see; and though it has not the magic of Aladdin's Lamp," forcing a smile as she spoke, " but it can call up the form of one whose bosom will ever yearn for you; and it may sometimes, Edward, prove of value to you. It is my last gift, take it."

Edward took the miniature, little deeming he could ever value it for ought but his mother's likeness. She pressed him to her bosom, and lifting her eyes to heaven, implored a blessing on her son, and added, " Oh, never turn aside from the paths of virtue and honor, and remember, in thy darkest hour, with kindness and forgiveness, Sarah Amesbury. Farewell!"

" Farewell, my mother," he replied, " I forgive thee, I pity thee, and will never wrong thee in my heart. May thy last hour be blessed." And the tears flowed copiously, as he left the apartment.

He returned home with a bursting heart, and entered the door as one who had no right beneath the roof, and was but sharing the bounty of those who knew him not. His mother had retired, but his sister sat trimming the lamp and waiting his return. " It seems to me you have made a long evening, Edward," she observed as he entered, " and you look more sad than ever; pray, what has happened to you."

He drew a chair beside her, and replied, " Emily, I am a wretched man. I have learned this evening that I have been cherished in the bosom of strangers, and dandled on the knee of charity; that I have been nursed in pity and educate I in compassion; that thou art not my sister, and I have no kindred or home on earth. Oh, how humbling! this is indeed being a lone and a blighted thing. Thy mother—she is not mine. I shall ever bless her memory, and her tenderness I will treasure up through life. And thou, Emily, what shall I say of all thy kindness?—When I need to be moved to deeds of glory, I will think of thee, and my soul will be inspire I to noble acts. When I need to be moved to deeds of compassion, I will think of thee, and my heart will become fusible as wax, and the oppressed and the destitute will find a friend. But I cannot consent longer to share that bounty which should be thine; and shall, therefore, at the rising of another sun, leave this hospitable roof, thy tender smiles, and the heartfelt yearnings of her, whom till now, I had deemed my mother. But, my sister, think of me—

' As of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone.'"

And tears again moistened his cheek.

Emily had listened to him, as to the fancies of the lunatic. " My brother," she exclaimed, " are you mad. What means these strange words you have uttered? What! leave us to-morrow—so soon—when we had hoped a prince's visit from you, after months of absence? Leave the fond mother whose greatest pride thou hast ever been, and the sister, too, who in childhood would gather garlands for thy brow, and who has proudly looked for fame to wreath thy manhood with glory? Pish! Edward, you mean it not; you are not well this evening; to-morrow you will like us better." And she gaily presented him the lamp, urging him to retire. He took the light she offered, and with a slow and thoughtful step proceeded to his chamber.

The morning came with the music of harp and lute, mingled with glad voices, within, and the merry song of birds without. But there was mourning through halls that had been wont to ring with laughter and the mirthful jest. Edward Warren could not be found, and every thing about his room declared that he had taken a final departure. Long and fruitless was the search for him—and many a year passed away, and the unhappy family heard nothing of him whose presence ever brought light and gladness, and they mourned for him as for the dead.

There is a sorrow and a solitude of heart, that obscures the soul as midnight does the world, which makes us dread the society of men, and scorn the sympathy of any human thing. But even in the midst of all this, there are those who turn instinctively to the haunts of pleasure and gaiety, as if to enhance their own sorrow by contrast with the happiness of others. It was under the influence of such sentiment, at the close of a beautiful day in autumn, that a stranger left his lodgings at " Tremont House," Boston, and bent his course towards the public walk. He had been in the metropolis but a few days, and had now come forth from the weariness of his own room to gaze upon the giddy world, a witness of its high-toned mirth and revelry, though he scorned to be a partaker. Long and weary had been his wanderings, for he had borne about a burthened spirit. He had looked upon the gorgeous scutcheoned palaces of England, and leant his elbow with her purse-proud autocrats; had stood upon the soil of " haughty France," and wandered back to Erin's bondaged isle; but Columbia's shores alone were fair to him—and Columbia's shores alone were the ministers of his woe, yet here too he wished to take his last sleep—and having become weary and wo-worn, he had made his port hither. He had touched her soil again, had looked upon her temple fanes; but disease had worn upon his frame, his heart was still desolate, and he had sat him down in the solitude of his own room, poor and penyless. As he sat reflecting on his destitute situation, he involuntarily drew his purse from his pocket. It was drained to the last doit, and though he had been born and reared not far from the spot where he now bewailed his poverty, yet he knew of none, either kindred or friend, that he could ask for assistance; and in despair he rose, and at a moment after was seen in Common street, near the " Mall." The fashionable current now set in, and he was irresistably propelled along. He was passed on either side by tittering belles and laughing beaux, the heartless and the sentimental; but all alike passed on, with fairy foot, nor noticed in their rapid movements the unmeasured tread of the solitary stranger. Each was busy with the feelings of his own bosom. Here was the maid joined by her doting lover, whose happiness was secured, removed beyond the influence of circumstances, and unaffected by either prosperity or adversity; and there the man of gray hairs, who, having outlived his early affections, had made wealth and honors his love, and had now stepped aside to overlook his dignities and titles, and be gazed upon by those who bowed before his grandeur. Here was the poet and there the scholar, bent on their various musings, and mingling with the unpoetical and unlearned. Here the widow and there the orphan, who had forgotten the agony they thought had never been quenched, and had come to join the loitering multitude—a mixed and varied throng. The stranger turned his eye upon the crowd, and thought of all their airy pretensions how few were lighthearted as they seemed. At length he observed a female attired in a mourning suit, leaning on the arm of a gentleman who appeared some years her senior, walking towards him. The lady raised her long veil as she drew near, and looked upon him as though she would recognise him. That face, thought he, looks like a familiar thing, and it must be of one I have known in early life. That slight form and pensive eye must be of one my youth has known. " But," he pursued the thought, " how sadly am I changed since *my youth*, the blasts of misfortune have whirled and tossed me about, and done the work of years upon my brow." His wretchedness and poverty again rushed in upon his mind, and with an humbled spirit, he bent his head forward, lest he should be recognised as they passed.

The beauty of the twilight had passed, and the night now set in dark and dreary, and wearied with his own reflections, he sought his lodgings. He had just entered his own room, when he heard a confused murmur of voices and sound of footsteps in the public hall that passed his door. He opened his door, and ascertained that a traveller of distinction had arrived sick, and they were conducting him to an apartment adjoining his own. He caught a glimpse of the gaudy equipage and the train of servants, and he closed his door again on his own poverty, and with a sigh turned him to his pillow. As he laid off his garments, a miniature of a female, which he had deposited as a sacred thing, fell from his pocket upon the floor. " A precious thing," he murmured, " but from this I may be able to raise a sum at least sufficient to defray my expenses here; but heaven alone knows how I shall meet my necessities hereafter. Yet how can I part with it—aye, but want forces me—yes, want, the most meagre and detestable, the most wanton and humiliating of all the evils of earth." And thus musing, he fell asleep.

With the rising sun he was ready to execute the plan he had laid the evening before, to retrieve his embarrassment; and taking the miniature, and pressing it to his lips, he left his room for a goldsmith's shop, hoping to pawn it there for something, if not its full value. He moved along the paved walks, glad of their lengthened way, for he was loath to part with an article he so highly valued; and looking again at the miniature, he murmured, " her' last gift.' The treasures she heaped upon me are expended, my health is gone, and I am poor indeed. Yes, I am sick, and this emaciated frame can but little longer bear up the burden of life. But I have not been prodigal, misfortune sought me out. Her ' last gift,' and it must be sacrificed. Little did she think, when she gave it, what would be its fate. She said, it might prove of value, but little did she think of what value. Ah, many an idle word has proved of dreadful import, and many a dark and awful augury has fallen from a thoughtless tongue." And thus musing, he entered a goldsmith's shop.

The miniature was presented for sale, and the merchant taking it, looked first at him and then at the article, and again at him, with a scrutinizing look, paused, and then said, " this can be of little use to any but yourself, sir."

" That, indeed," replied the stranger, " I did not expect to receive the amount, in exchange, at which *I value* it, were I not in necessity; your whole wares could not compensate me for it; but to one who deals in gems, like yourself, its brilliant setting may command a few pounds. It is a splendid ornament, the gift of a friend; and I am loath to part with it—but want, absolute want, compels me, and for four pounds you may call it your own; and surely these brilliants and perfect pearls will realize to you three times the sum."

The merchant examined it again, and then, with compressed lips, he tossed on the counter a part of the sum demanded, saying, " Call again to-morrow, sir, and you shall receive the remainder."

The stranger, gathering up the paltry exchange, left the shop in sorrow and regret. A few moments after, a lady entered, and seeing the miniature with which the stranger had just parted, still laying upon the counter, she took it up, and looked at the likeness with an air of surprise; but turning it over, she read upon the back of it the name of Edward Warren, slightly scratched with some pointed instrument. Astonishment at once held her speechless. At length, looking at the merchant, she asked, " May I be permitted to know, sir, how this article came in your possession; or, it may not be yours, but merely left here for some repairs?"

The merchant replied, " I purchased it but a few moments since of a stranger, who seemed to be in want of money, and indeed acknowledged himself to be, and to raise a small sum, was induced to part with it. It is wet, as you see, with many valuable gems; but otherwise, to me, it is useless."

" And for how much would you sell it," inquired the lady. " Twenty dollars," he replied.

The lady laid down the money instantly, and taking up the prize, " Could you give me any directions to the lodgings of the stranger," she asked.

" I cannot," again replied the merchant, " I only noticed that he walked towards Tremont House, and he accidently dropped from his pocket an advertisement of the same house. I, therefore, suppose he stops there; but he will call again to-morrow, and if you wish to know more of him, just leave your card, and I will hand it to him."

The lady, thanking him eagerly, laid one upon the counter, and the next day at the threshhold of a large stone edifice in —— street, occupied by the Hon. James Furbush, met Edward Warren and his sister Emily, now Mrs. Furbush. Long and tender were the greetings between them, and in her Edward recognised the lady he had met in the " Mall" a few days before, and in her husband, the gentleman who, many years before, had been introduced to him at Philadelphia by Sarah Amesbury. At the recollection of this circumstance, the memory of other years brightened on his mental vision. He felt again the disappointment of his better days, for it was disappointment, though not slighted friendship, scorned affection, or rejected love, yet he had almost wished it had been, that the bitterness of pride might have supported his burthened spirit; still it was shipwrecked of its hopes, and he would that the remembrance of that vision might pass on. At length, summoning the man within him, he inquired for his mother. She was dead, and the drapery of his sister bore testimony to it. But long and wearily had she mourned him whom she had cherished in her bosom as her son, and worn out with sorrow, she departed.

He could not suppress his anxiety to hear of Sarah Amesbury, and inquired for her. The fell destroyer had moved among the fair things of his youth, and she too was dead. Burthened with a grief which none could know, a few months after he left Philadelphia, she passed to " the silent halls of death."

Change, too, had come over the city of his dreams, and they were scattered who had formed the glad circle of his boyhood; and he now stood upon the hearth of one to whom he had supposed upon the hearth of one to whom he had supposed upon the hearth of one to whom he had bidden a long and last adieu. But *she* stood, with the fair pledges of her love about her, beautiful in their childhood's careless song and youthful visions, as though she had drank from Lucayo's fabled fount; years had passed on, and had not dared to mar so fair a work of God. Her elastic step, her fairy form, and brilliant eye, were neither wearied, bowed, nor dimmed, since with a bitterness of heart he fled from their enchantment. There needed no explanation of this unexpected meeting, for the jewel merchant had already explained the whole.

The miniature, the " last gift" of Sarah Amesbury, was returned to the hands of Edward, and received with expressed emotions of joy, though he gave no explanation of the cause of his having parted with it, to his sister; for he feared to tell his wanderings and his woe—and a promise extorted from him, that he would return there, and take up his abode, (and from the sickness he felt within, he knew it could not be long he would need an earthly dwelling,) when he should have cancelled his debt at the public house. His wretched, though now deceased mother's gift, had returned upon him, and with a lighter heart he walked homeward. Entering the hall that led to his own room, he was met by a servant of the sick stranger, who, a few evenings before, became an occupant of an adjoining chamber. He bowed, and begged he would return with him to the apartment of his master, saying, " he had passed a very restless night, and was now in great distress, and probably could not continue but a brief space; and he had sent him to entreat some one to come to his room, as he was a stranger in Boston, far from kindred and friends, and there was a disclosure he would be glad to make before he died."

Edward readily obeyed the summons, and as he entered the room and saw the sick man writhing in his agony, decked in the array of grandeur and power, he could not but reflect how vain was the wealth of earth, and how it failed to soothe the anguish that the children of men must endure, and he had almost been contented with his poverty. Ah, how distress humbles us. The afflicted man raised his head as Warren entered the room, and smiled in thankfulness on the witness of his woe. Extending his hand, he observed, " I feel grateful for your presence, sir. I have need of nothing, for my hours are nearly spent; but in pain and anguish, it soothes the heart to find a human being by our bed, who is not entirely indifferent to our agony." And, struggling for breath, he added, " I am a stranger here, and I have a disclosure to make before I die, as my fortune is without an heir; and besides, I have grown childlike, and I fear to die alone."

Then throwing his arms beside him, his spirit seemed hushed, the agony of life was passed, and that silent calm which so often immediately precedes death, spread over him; still he was able to converse, and looking in the face of Edward, as he seated himself beside his bed, " Stranger," he remarked, " you, too, seem to have settled up your account with earth, and like myself, ready to bid adieu to its visions and its realities. Thy sunken eye, thy hectic cheek and hollow visage, tell that thy

and proceeded to the house of Mr. Furbush. It was evening, and he seemed wearied with the cares and burthens of the day, and was therefore early shown to his room.

The morrow came, and the bright morning sun shone full upon his visage, but it aroused not the spirit of the foundling. In the majesty and holiness of death he lay, and the miniature of his mother, her "last gift," pressed upon the heart that had ceased alike its anguish and its beatings.

From the New York Mirror.

Written after a ride by the Schuylkill, in October. By Miss Fanny Kemble.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear.
Red falls the westering light of day
On rock and stream and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods, the ground
Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun with arrows bright
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh Autumn! thou art less a king—
And round thy throne the sinking hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring,
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Oh! not upon thy fading fields and falls
In such rich garb doth Autumn come to them,
My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
He footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.

Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.

O'er yellow stubble lands to marde brown,
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly sinpping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.

At morn and eve thin silver vapours rise
Around his path: but meantimes at mid-day
He looks around the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath—
A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red,
And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path
With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread.

And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Canine Sagacity.—A most wonderful instance of the sagacity of a dog has occurred in this town. A few weeks ago, the proprietor of the animal died of the disease which has been so alarmingly prevalent; and the consequence was, from the suddenness of his death, and the pressure of the trial, his wife became affected with aberration of intellect, and it was the constant effort of her children and friends to endeavour to soothe her mind and take care of her. Last night week, however, about 8 o'clock, she gave them the slip, and an immediate search caused for fear something fatal should happen to her. About eleven o'clock the attention of an individual was attracted towards the gait connected with Bennett's dam, Sheffield Moor, by the mournful cries of a dog, which was answered as plaintively by the cries of another on the opposite bank. On this, an individual or two repaired to the spot, and there they found the faithful animal supporting the body of its mistress in the water, by holding her clothes at her breast above the water, and uttering the mournful cries named above. The body of the female was immediately got out of the water and means used to restore life, which fortunately proved successful, and the female was restored to her anxious and afflicted friends. It appeared the unfortunate woman had gone to the side of the water, thrown herself in, and had been followed by the dog—how providentially, we leave our readers to opine from the narrative we have given.—*Sheffield Mercury.*

Atrocious and Disgusting Cruelty.—Tuesday, a young woman, of mild aspect, named Mary Evans, was charged with having stolen thirteen cats from different parts of the parish of Bridgegate. John Hill, a constable of the parish, stated, that on the preceeding night, he met with the prisoner, and being aware that she was a cat-skinner, and observing she had something in her apron, he stopped and searched her. She had altogether thirteen skins in her possession, one of them quite warm, a portion of them were concealed in two large pockets, which hung parallel with the calves of her legs. She had adopted this way of carrying her skins, because she was aware she was known, and would be stopped if she carried them in a basket or any other visible manner. From the spot on which he met with her he conjectured she had been skinning some of her victims, in a neighboring public privy, and there, sure enough, he found four bodies! The animal from which the skin that was warm had been torn, was quite alive, and writhing about. Sir Peter Laurie said he understood there was no law for the protection of that species of animal. Sir Robert Peel's act extending only to beasts and birds only kept in a state of confinement, and owing to this unfortunate omission, the fiend-like offender was discharged.—*London pap.*

Captain Ross.—The public will, we doubt not, be gratified to learn that it is at length determined to send out an expedition for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of captain Ross and his enterprising crew, who left this country somewhat more than three years ago, on a voyage of discovery to the Arctic regions. This determination was announced to a meeting convened for the purpose on the 30th instant, when the success of an application to his Majesty by Mr. Ross, the brother of the Captain and father of the Commander, was also communicated. The government purposes to grant 2,000*l.*, in aid of the expenses of the expedition, it being certified to them that Captain Back shall have the command—that the Hudson's Bay Company will furnish the supplies and canoes free of charge (as they have generously undertaken to do,) and that the remainder of the expenses (about 3,000*l.*) shall be forthcoming from other quarters. Amongst the preparatory resolutions adopted at the meeting in one which will afford general satisfaction—especially as it appears to have been sanctioned, if not suggested by those experienced officers who are most capable of estimating the chances in such a case. We allude to the resolution which states, "that a confident hope may still reasonably be entertained that the Captains Ross and their adventurous companions may yet be in a place of safety." The hope held out by that prospect alone would ensure pecuniary assistance to almost any amount, not only from the people of this country, but from any civilized community on the face of the earth. We may add, that the hope acquires considerable support from one circumstance, "that they did not themselves calculate on returning sooner than three years, which is now but little more than expired."

Storming a Garrison House.—On Wednesday afternoon, the inhabitants residing at the lower end of the Quadrant, Regent-street, was surprised at beholding a number of persons, consisting of foreigners, half-pay officers, and others, rushing out pell mell from one of the recently established hells in that above place. In a short time a large mob of persons assembled, who could only glean from the terrified looks and the rapidity of the movements of those leaving the house, joined with a violent noise in the interior, that something of a desperate nature had occurred. It appeared that in the early part of last week a person, whose language betoken him to be a Spaniard, went to the house for the purpose of play, and, after being at the table a considerable time, he left, carrying away with him £70. This success induced him to pay a second visit; but whether his good luck had left him, or his opponents were more *au fait* at the tables, he came off with a loss of 50*l.*; but as, upon the two days' play, he had been a gainer of 20*l.* he paid a third visit with a considerable sum, which in a few hours changed hands, and he left the house without a shilling in his possession. In the course of a day or two some foreigners went to the house, and informed the proprietors that it was their opinion that their countryman had been robbed of the money, and that they should expect it to be returned, especially as it belonged to his master, who was in the service of Don Pedro, and to whom the cash belonged. The proprietors refused to refund, when the party made some threats, which were treated with indifference. On Wednesday, it appears, they determined to carry their threat into effect, and, having entered the house in such a way as not to excite suspicion, the play went on as usual. About two o'clock there was between 300*l.* and 400*l.* in the bank, when, upon a preconcerted signal, a scramble was made at the bank by the foreigners, on which a fight instantly commenced, the foreigners drawing their knives or dirks, threatening to use them if opposed. The assailed party seized such weapons as came to hand, and a fight ensued. During the tug of war the banker's table was overturned, and the money scattered on the floor, which very speedily found its way into a number of pockets. The foreigners, however, made a precipitate retreat, followed by those who gained the harvest. The result of this transaction has caused the hell to be closed for the present, a kind of temporary insolvency taking place in consequence of the loss of the entire capital of the proprietors.—*Morning Herald.*

An interesting trial lately took place in Dublin. A named John Lally, was capitally indicted under the following circumstances:—"George Madden, Esq., of Tenode, in the King's county, sworn and examined. On Monday, the 25th of June last, between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the evening, was returning home in his gig, accompanied by Theophilus St. George, Esq. On the road between Ballinasloe and Shannon bridge, about a mile from the latter place, a man started up from a cornfield, and fired a shot, which broke the arm of witness between the elbow and wrist. He instantly leaped out of the gig and sprang across the fence in pursuit of the man, who immediately attempted to conceal himself in the long corn, and loaded his gun again; and when the witness reached him, he fired a second shot at the witness and then again ran away. The witness then pursued him into another field, overtook and grappled with him; but from having the use only of his left arm, and from loss of blood, the fellow overcame him, and struck him several blows on the head and breast with the stock of the gun, when the witness at length became insensible. There were several persons in the adjoining fields and cabins who did not give the slightest assistance. Positively swears that John Lally, the prisoner at the bar, is the man who discharged the shots at him."

Mr. St. George was then sworn, and his testimony fully corroborated that of the plaintiff. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against the defendant. The Tube excitement is the alleged cause of the outrage.

Goliah or Gath.—The following account of this Giant is extracted from Malcom's Bible Dictionary: Goliah of Gath was 11 feet four inches in height; his brazen helmet weighed 15 lbs.; his target or collar, affixed between his shoulders to defend his neck, about 30; his spear was 26 feet long, and weighed 50 lbs., its head weighing 38; his sword 40; his greaves on his legs 30; and his coat of mail 136! Making in all 223 lbs.

A Novel Bed-warmer.—For sleeping on a cold night, the Arab places two camels abreast, and throwing his blanket over them as an awning, lies between their bodies, receiving their warmth, without the slightest risk of being overlaid in the night.

We learn from a London paper that Sheridan Knowles has been playing in his own Virginius and William Tell, as well as in the Hunchback, at Belfast, and with the greatest success.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Nov. 24th.

Terms of this paper $2 per annum, in advance.—Six months' Subscription $1 25.—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR.

Jonathan K. Hasenger, to be an Alderman of the city of Philadelphia, in the place of Abraham Shoemaker, Esq., deceased.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to the question proposed for a solution in the Post of the 28th of April last, over the signature of W. P. R.

Take the three given distances, and make a right angled-triangle, the angles of which are known to be, $90°$, $53° 7' 48''.5$, and $36° 52' 11''.5$—hence by adding $60°$ one of the trine angles, to the angle $53° 7' 48''.5$, we have the angle $113° 7' 48''.5$, the including angle, of a triangle, whose two known sides are 50 and 20, from which two sides and included angle, the other side is found, to be 67$\frac{3}{4}$ yards, which is equal to the sides of the garden, as was required. Pears.

On Saturday morning, between two and three o'clock, the watchman discovered a fire in the dwelling house, No. 96 Arch street. The rattle being sprung, the neighbors were alarmed, and with the assistance of the watchmen, who assembled upon hearing the rattle, the female members of the family were released from their perilous situation, through the second story window. Considerable damage was done to the interior of the building. The fire was caused from a furnace in the cellar.

Married.—At Marlsborough, by John Moore, Esq. Mr. John Stewart, to Miss Euphemia Schrakamgast—*all for Jackson!!*

Of this political union, the Newark Daily Advertiser says:—

"Though it be a 'Jackson concern,' we must say, that Euphemia has acted very 'judgmatically' in swapping the *last half* of her name for that which she has obtained, and give it as our opinion, that she ought to give boot."

The proprietor of the Ohio Monitor, published at Columbus, Ohio, advertises for seven journeymen compositors and two pressmen, for the term of fifteen weeks, to commence on the first of December—offers them $7 50 per week, and promises to find them good board at $1 75 per week. He says that no unfinished workman, intemperate man, or one under age, need apply. Letters addressed to him upon the subject, post paid, will be promptly answered.

It is stated to us, on what we believe to be good authority, that there will probably be no coal here in the spring; about eight thousand tons only now lying on the Schuylkill wharves. The encreasing consumption of each year, we have no doubt, will before long fully recompense the enterprize of those whose capital has been employed in the construction of canals, rail-roads, &c. for the transportation of coal; notwithstanding all the efforts of jobbers interested in keeping down the prices of coal stocks.

By an arrival at Hampton Roads, we have information of the reports of suffering at the Cape de Verd Islands. Within a few *months two hundred human beings had died with* fevers in Brava and Toga; and they have "sorrow upon sorrow." It is known that a vessel loaded with provisions, sent from Boston for these sufferers, was compelled to put into New York; and a vessel on the same errand, despatched from Liston—she was run over in the night and sunk.

A young man in the employ of Stiles Miller of New Orleans, took advantage of his master's absence some time since, forged a power of attorney, sold out the stock for about $7000, and then took passage for New York. A fortnight elapsed before Mr. Miller returned, when learning the circumstance, he wrote to New York, and owing to the long passage of the vessel, the letter arrived in season to have him apprehended as soon as he landed.

The St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Messenger says—"As the stage from Concord, N. H. to Haverhill, N. H. was on its way to the latter place on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, in Franklin, the bolt which supported the thorough brace on one side forward gave way. The sudden fall of the body jerked the driver from his seat, and startled the horses into full speed. Three passengers leaped from the stage, and one of them, Nehemiah Bradley, Esq. of Peacham, Vt. had his legs so badly fractured that it is feared amputation will be necessary. The other two were more or less injured. Those who remained in the stage escaped unhurt."

In the Georgia Legislature, on the 6th inst., a resolution was offered by Mr. Hayne, "declaring it a high misdemeanor for any Attorney, Solicitor, or Counsellor, to appear in any court in this state, in behalf of any Cherokee Indian, or descendant of a Cherokee Indian, or of any white person, in any cause, motion, or petition, calling in question the state's right of jurisdiction over that portion of her territory in the occupancy of the Cherokee Indians, or who shall make any motion, or in any manner attempt to enforce the late decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Worcester and Butler against the State of Georgia—and to provide for the punishment of the same."

In the state of New York, the election laws require that the full and complete result of all elections be published in the newspapers, even to the scattering votes. We took occasion last year to notice some of the names contained on the city ticket. This year the returns for the Assembly ticket contain, among many others, the following names:—Lorenzo Dow, (Mr. Dow, some of our readers may recollect, declined receiving the nomination as a candidate for President of the United States, worthy man,) Slippery Sam, Mose John, Charles Kemble, Esq., King Arthur, Long leg Rat walk in the Water, Long faced Carpenter, Mr. Pirmountery, Lobbolly boy and bell ringer, Short Fred, Would-be-something Martin, Richard Fourmides.

A Challenge.—We find the following in the Richmond Whig of Monday last:

A Challenge to the World for $10,000.—The Secretary of the Tree Hill Club is authorized and requested to make known, that the produce of Medley, three years old next spring, will run over the Tree Hill Course, the day preceding the next fall regular meeting against the produce *of any other horse*, of the same age, two, three, or four mile heats, for the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars, to close the 1st of January next. November 19th, 1832.

Any gentleman disposed to accept this bold defiance, to run at that time and place, can be accommodated by addressing a letter to the Secretary of the Club to that effect, and all the preliminary arrangements can be made. By the Secretary of the Tree Hill Club.

Organization of the Girard Trusts.—The following named gentlemen, viz. Joshua Lippincott, Roberts Vaux, Thomas Dunlap, James Page, Joseph Worrell, William E. Lehman, Michael Baker, John Moss, and John M. Hood, assembled in the Select Council Chamber, at noon, on the 19th day of November, 1832. Joshua Lippincott was chosen President. The members then proceeded to determine, by lot, the terms of their official service, when it appeared that

Joseph Worrell, John M. Hood, Thomas Dunlap, } were to continue until the 2d Monday of Jan. 1833.

Roberts Vaux, James Page, John Moss, } until 2d Monday of Jan. 1834.

Michael Baker, William E. Lehman, Joshua Lippincott, } until 2d Monday of Jan. 1835.

The following Standing Committees were then appointed:

On Finance.—John Moss, William E. Lehman, Joshua Lippincott.

On Real Estate.—Michael Baker, Joseph Worrell, Thomas Dunlap.

On Girard College.—Roberts Vaux, James Page, John M. Hood.

John S. Cash was elected Clerk to the Board.

On Monday John Lewis was charged with causing a riot at the Nazareth church. The prisoner in company with two others came into the church, and tarried till the meeting was half over, when the prisoner and one other got up and went towards the door, where the third sat, and endeavoured to get him to go out, he refused, and they went out, making a great noise as they went. Shortly after, prisoner came to the door, and attempted to get in again, when the church committee opposed him—A scuffle ensued, and Lewis was at length arrested, not however until he had drawn a large jack-knife, and dealt two or three effective blows among his enemies, wounding Samuel Owen badly in the arm, and the Lieut. of the city watch upon the thigh slightly. In bringing him to the watch-house, it was found necessary to double him up force, in doing which, he was much bruised in the face. Lewis has been in the country but one month from Londonderry. He was ordered to find bail in the sum of $600 to answer the charges against him.

Coal Mine in Maine.—We understand coal has been discovered at the mouth of the Kennebec river, and that a Boston Company is now engaged in exploring the mine. The specimens which have been found are said to be of an excellent quality, and the indications are such, that the Company is confident of success. A good mine of coal at the mouth of the Kennebec would be a vast treasure, not only to the individual proprietors, but to the whole state. We do not believe many years will pass before Maine will furnish coal for her own consumption, and have some to export.—*Portland Courier.*

Fatal Conflagration.—A fire occurred a little after midnight, night before last, at 637 Washington street, Greenwich Village, of which the following distressing particulars are given in the New York Journal of Commerce. The damage to the building does not exceed $500 or $600; but what gives poignancy to the calamity is, that an interesting little girl, eight or nine years of age, by the name of Elizabeth Whitehead, perished in the flames! Her father, Mr. Geo. Whitehead, in attempting her rescue was so badly burnt that his recovery is doubtful. A younger sister of the deceased was also burnt in the hands and arms, but not dangerously. In giving an account of the disaster, she said "the fire came right at her." It originated in the garret where the family were sleeping, and had made such progress before they awaked, that the survivors had barely time to escape—Mrs. Whitehead taking in her arms an infant babe. The agony of the parents on hearing the screams of Elizabeth without being able to rescue her it would be idle to attempt to describe. It is believed that Mr. Whitehead would have perished with her, but for the exertions of the firemen. The family are recently from England, and now utterly destitute. Two other families lived in the same house, by the names of McKeever and McCarthy. It was owned by Francis Crom. The lower part is uninjured.

Extraordinary Accident.—*The Memorial des Pyrenees* contains the following account of a deplorable event that occurred a few days ago at Cauterets:—"A young English Nobleman (the name is not given)—of large fortune, who, about a year ago, married a charming lady, went out to take the air with her on the border of the deep and rapid torrent that flows at this thermal establishment. The husband was amusing himself with lifting up with his cane the shining rock work that lies in the water along the bank, when the cane escaped from his hand, and in leaning forward to catch it, he fell into the torrent. His wife, who beheld his fall, rushed to his account, and succeeded in grasping the flaps of his coat; finding that the violence of the water would carry her away, she seized a dry branch, but this breaking off, the two soon disappeared in the foaming stream of the gulph. Their servant, who was at a short distance, cried aloud for help, and assistance was very promptly afforded. The lady and afterwards her husband were taken out of the water, but life was totally extinct. The servant shows signs of the deepest sorrow for his loss, and the whole village of Cauterets is thrown into affliction by this distressing event."

Albot and Bordentown Rail-Road.—We understand that the rail-road which connects the waters of the Raritan with those of the Delaware, will be completed in about a couple of weeks. The intercourse between New York and Philadelphia through the rail-road route will then be open for travellers. It will take another season to finish that section of the road which runs down the valley of the Delaware to Camden, opposite Philadelphia. Until that is ready, the travellers will be conveyed in Steamboats from Bordentown to Philadelphia. The whole route will be performed, it is supposed, in six or seven hours. The Messrs. Stevens, we learn, intend to put one of their fast boats on the line between this city and Amboy, and they will start with passengers three or four times a day—at six, nine, twelve, and three o'clock.

Next summer we expect to be able to leave New York in the morning—do business and dine in Philadelphia, and return to sup in New York. The two cities will almost be brought within speaking distance of each other.

A Postmaster's Request.—The following modest request of a Postmaster in Pennsylvania, to another in the same state, under date of the 10th ult. is copied from Poulson's Philadelphia Advertiser. Whether his brother was so accommodating as to gratify him, we have not heard—but the recent derangement of the mails will perhaps warrant us in the belief that he was not unsuccessful in his application:—"Sir, If it is not inconvenient for you, could I get you to oblige me so far as to stop any packet you may see going down in the mail, directed to this place, and return it again next mail? My object in making this request is this—we get very few letters by mail going down, and the arrangement would do away the necessity of my getting up every night before day, to open the mail. The person who get their letters and papers from here, are willing that I should make the arrangement. You will accommodate me very much if you can do it, and it will also accommodate my neighbors—as I shall resign my office, if I have to continue to open the mail going down every night this winter. Let me know to-morrow evening if you can accommodate me, and oblige your friend, &c."

Civilization.—A voter at the polls in this town on Monday, upon being challenged, proved his qualifications, and was about to vote. A new light beamed upon the mind of the challenger, "Stop," said the challenger, "are you *naturalized*?" "A pretty question to ask a Yankee," resented the other, "are you naturalized?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you are not *civilized*, by a considerable majority, I reckon!"—*Lowell Com.*

On Tuesday morning, a colored man, servant of Mr. Sellers, dentist, in Arch above Ninth street, undertook to clean a double barrelled gun. Having tried one side by blowing into it, and finding it without a charge, he falsely concluded that the other was also in the same state. Shortly afterwards another colored man took up the gun, and while playing with it the charge ignited, and the servant received the shot in his breast. He lingered a few hours and died.

Internal Navigation.—The length of the Ohio Canal, recently completed, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio River, is 310 miles. Of the New York Canal, connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson, 363 miles. There is now an uninterrupted water communication, for the conveyance of goods, from the city of New York to almost every prominent town in the Western States. It is perfectly practicable to go from this city to New Orleans, via Lake Erie, without touching the shore; and not only so, but it is a much nearer route, we do not say a better one, than that by way of the Atlantic and the Gulph of Mexico. The whole distance is about 2500 miles.—*Jour. Com.*

Potato Flour.—Potato flour is excellent for sponge-cake, and other things which require extraordinary lightness. It is also good for young children, and for convalescent sick persons.

Take the best and most mealy potatoes; pare them, and wash them through several waters. Then rasp or grate them over a tureen half full of cold water. Continue to grate the potatoes till the lower half of the tureen is filled with the pulp, so that the water may rise to the top. The mealy part of the potatoes will sink to the bottom, while the remainder or useless part will rise to the surface. When nothing more rises, pour off the water carefully, and dry the flour which you find at the bottom. When quite dry pound it in a mortar to a fine powder, and sift it through a sieve. Potato flour is much lighter than that of wheat.

DEATH OF CHARLES CARROLL.

The Record is made up. The scroll is sealed.—Charles Carroll—the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence—has paid the great debt to nature. He expired in his 96th year, on Wednesday morning a week, in the city of Baltimore. The papers that announced that event were appropriately dressed in mourning, and suitable demonstrations of respect to his memory have been ordered by the public authorities of the commercial metropolis of Maryland. Endowed by nature with a gifted mind—susceptible of high moral culture—the heir of a princely fortune—and basking in the blandishments that follow in its train,—he consecrated these all, with unreserved devotion, to the service of his country.

But it is not our purpose to write his eulogy. The history of his life is the record of his fame. To that record we refer. "He was born on the 20th of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland. He descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated to this country in the reign of William and Mary. At a very early age he was sent to St. Omers, to be educated, thence, after a short time, he was removed to Rheims, to the College of Louis Le Grand; and thence to one of the best institutions in France for the study of civil law. After becoming well versed in this science, he passed over to London, and commenced his term at the Temple for the study of common law. After finishing his studies and his travels, he returned to his native land at the ripe age of twenty-seven. At this period the discussions between the mother country and the colonies commenced, and were soon after carried on with great warmth. Mr. Carroll did not hesitate, but took side with the lovers of liberty.

He wielded a ready pen, and was soon known, as one of the most powerful political writers in Maryland. He foresaw early that an appeal to arms must be made, and boldly recommended preparations.

Early in 1776, he was sent as one of a commission to Canada, to induce the people of that province to join us in opposing the mother country. The disasters which had previously befallen our arms in that quarter, rendered the mission ineffectual. He returned in June, 1776, and instantly repaired to the convention of Maryland, of which he was a member; and there, urging them to withdraw the instructions they had given their delegates in Congress, not to vote for independence, at length succeeded. He was appointed a delegate to Congress. On the eighteenth of July, he presented his credentials to the continental congress at Philadelphia, on the second day of August following subscribed his name to the immortal instrument.—He was considered at the time, as one of the most fearless men of the age; for he had much to risk, in point of property, than any other man in the whole community. Hancock not excepted. On the first day he entered congress he was appointed to the board of war, of which he was an efficient member. During the whole of the war he bore his part with unabated ardour, often being at the same time a member of the convention of his native state and a member of congress; a double duty, which required great energy and industry to perform; but, so ably did he discharge his duties, that both bodies were attended with his attention to each. In 1778, he left congress, and devoted himself to the councils of his native state. When the constitution of the United States went into operation, Mr. Carroll was elected a senator from Maryland, and took his seat in the city of New York, at the organization of the government on the thirtieth of April, 1789. He was elected a second time to this situation.

In the year 1801, he quitted public life at the age of *sixty-four*—and for *thirty years* and upwards, has passed a life of serenity, tranquil happiness and prosperity, till in the fullness of years and honors, the Patriarch has been gathered to his fathers—and the Last of the Signers is dead!"

From the Cincinnati Chronicle, 10th inst.

Mail Robbery.—For some time past several failures have occurred in the safe arrival of letters and remittances of money, sent by mail, between Springfield, Clark county, and this city, and also with Post-offices connected with that route. These failures occurred about the time when the epidemic made its appearance, which for a time delayed the prosecution of measures calculated to detect the offender. Steps were taken, however, to give the postmasters and their clerks, and the stage drivers, a knowledge of what was going on. To detect the offender it became important to ascertain what bank notes had been mailed at Springfield, and if found in circulation, to trace them back to the purchaser.

Our postmaster, Judge Burke, assisted by Mr. Burrows, who had lost money, commenced the investigation. It was soon ascertained that a $100 Richmond, Va. note, had been mailed for Cincinnati, by Mr. Bancroft, at Springfield, about the 22th of September last. On the 6th of October, the same note was offered in this city, and taken in payment for goods by Macalaster & Co. The house had endorsed the name of the individual from whom they received it, Thornton S. Carnell, postmaster at Sharonville, (15 miles north of this place) on the back of the note.

A few days since, Mr. Carnell, postmaster in our office, Mr. Burrows, and Mr. A. Langham, agent for the stage proprietors, proceeded to Sharonville, to look more particularly into the conduct of Mr. Carnell. The result was the arrest of this individual, and an examination which left but little doubt of his guilt. Being unable to find bail, Mr. Carnell has been committed to prison at Columbus, to await his trial in December next.

These are briefly the facts in the case, so far as we have learned them. The vigilance and success of Messrs. Burke and Langdon, in cases of this kind, is creditable to them as public officers.

From the Boston Adas.

A young man about 19 years of age entered a Lottery office in Exchange street yesterday morning, and bought a part of a lottery ticket, which he paid for with a pair of new gloves, and a black silk handkerchief. A person who kept his office in a part of the same room, noticed the circumstance, and after the young man retired, he advanced and enquired of the vender at what price he had taken those articles. The vender answered that he had allowed 40 cents for the gloves and about 60 for the handkerchief. Being a judge of the value of the articles and knowing that their estimated value could not be less than 3 dollars, he took them from the lottery vender and proceeded into Washington street, with the determination to find the young man and ascertain whether his suspicion that they had been stolen, was well founded. After showing them at several stores, they were recognised, and the young man indentified. When charged with having fraudulently obtained the property, the young man made a full confession, and stated that he had been in the habit of depredating upon his employer's property for some time, in order to raise money to buy lottery tickets. What has been done with the delinquent, we have not been informed.

Suicide.—The New York Courier and Enquirer of Tuesday says:—"A young man of respectable appearance, by the name of William W. Emmerson, a native of Badger, Me., where and in New York he is said to be respectably connected, opened a lottery office in Norfolk, Va., a few weeks since, and conducted himself with entire propriety. A day or two preceding his death, he made enquiries of Dr. Mallory, whose office is adjoining his apartment, relative to the action of the arteries. Soon afterwards, he was missed, and although his office was closed, it was conjectured that he had left the borough without notice to the Sunday's boat. On the evening Wednesday, owing to an offensive putrid exhalation, search was made and his body was found, extended on the floor, the arteries of his left arm severed by a razor, in which position he had bled himself to death."

We extract the following table from Mr. Tanner's new work on the Cholera. It affords a comparative view of the mortality of the pestilence at each of the principal cities in the United States and Canada. The first column shows the time of the commencement—the second the number of cases—the third the number of deaths—and the last its continuance at each place.

Places.	*Date.*	*Cases.*	*Deaths.*	*Days.*
New York,	July 3	6078	2314	59
Quebec,	June 8	5783	2020	86
Montreal,	June 9	4083	1842	85
Philadelphia,	June 27	2399	746	43
*Baltimore,	Aug. 10	——	649	42
Albany,	July 3	1144	406	61
Norfolk,	July 24	——	405	49
Brooklyn,	July 11	457	191	69
Portsmouth, Va.	July 24	394	185	38
Utica,	Aug. 12	464	177	27
York, Canada,	June 24	409	171	62
*Washington,	Aug. 7	660	168	31
Buffalo,	July 15	343	144	55
Rochester,	July 23	420	126	48
Poughkeepsie,	Aug. 3	213	103	28
Kingston, Canada,	June 20	202	91	72
Bergen, N. J.	July 15	227	80	56
Caughnewaga,	June 13	225	68	33
Newark,	July 6	143	64	56
Sing Sing,	July 17	391	162	50
Ogdensburg,	June 18	133	49	68
New Brunswick,	July 14	174	43	67
*Richmond,	Sept. 7	81	40	15
Wilmington, Del.	Aug. 7	87	38	24
*Boston,	Aug. 15	98	24	50
New Haven,	July 11	41	17	50

The disease continued to prevail, though in a mitigated form, at the places (*) marked, when this table was prepared.

By the brig Emily Cooke, Capt. Rogers, arrived at New York from the river Plate, we learn that a revolution broke out at Montevideo, about the middle of September, which, however, was immediately quelled. Some of the leaders were instantly arrested, among them the Buenos Ayrean Agent. The latest papers from that place state, that Rivera was still acting as President, and that every thing bore the aspect of tranquility.

A Cincinnati paper gives a melancholy account of the death of the daughter of Judge Henderson, of that place, by Cholera. It appears that she was married on the second of October, and on the sixteenth was a corpse. She left Cincinnati with her husband (H. B. Maxwell, Esq. of Louisiana,) immediately after the bridal—was attacked on the sixteenth, near the mouth of the Ohio, in the morning, with the Asiatic Cholera, and died at five o'clock in the evening, of the same day. She has left her family overwhelmed with grief, and a numerous and extensive acquaintance, to whom she was endeared by her many virtues and the excellence of her heart, to mourn her sad and early fate. The Cincinnati Republican says:—"We have beheld her a mild, innocent, laughing girl: Yesterday the gay and beautiful bride—Alas!—sad, is the change: she now sleeps the bride of death!"

A Politician used up.—A gentleman who resided in Oneida County in the State of New York, and who was equally distinguished for sound sense and pungent satire, had taken a very active part in a warmly contested election. He had an amiable but weak neighbor, who had exhibited much "variableness and turning," in the course of his political career, but was now acting in concert with him. A politician, from another town in the County, inquired of Mr. E. among other things, how Mr. M. would act at the election. He is actively engaged on our side, replied Mr. C. I am glad to hear it, replied the Querist, but can you rely on his adherence until after the election? Oh, yes, said Mr. C. there is no danger;—"My neighbor has turned so often that he has worn out his pivot."

Cold-Blooded Murder.—We learn from a paper published in Edenton, N. C. that on the Thursday evening previous, "a man in Bertie county, having become offended with another, resolved to take his life; but in the prosecution of his purpose met with an unoffending person whom he mistook for his victim, and whom he assaulted and beat so that he died. Upon learning the fact of his mistake, nothing discouraged, he renewed his search for the object of his pursuit, whom he at length found, and whom he also murdered by cutting his throat. It is added, that although these crimes were perpetrated in the presence of several persons, the perpetrator was permitted to escape."

If the above statement prove true, the lookers-on should be held up to public reprobation and punishment, as well as the blood-stained wretch who was the chief actor in the scene.

The following account is given by a late traveller, of the manner in which the Tartars are measured and fitted, to a new suit. "I approached," says he, "a group of Tartars, assembled around a dead horse, which they had just killed. A young man, about eighteen, who was naked, had the hide of the animal thrown over his shoulders. A woman, who performed the office of tailor with great dexterity, began cutting the back of this new dress, following with her scissors the round of the neck, the fall of the shoulders, the semicircle which formed the sleeve, and the side of the habit, which was intended to reach below the knee. She proceeded in the same manner with the other parts, till the cutting out was finished; the man who had served as model, then crouched on his hams, while the several pieces were attached together, so that in less than two hours he had a good brown bay coat, which only wanted to be tanned by continual wear.

The Arts.—Mr. Schoener, the miniature painter, has succeeded admirably of late in some of his pictures; and there are few artist in New England, Miss Goodrich of our city only excepted, who is so happy generally in producing a resemblance. Among his late efforts, we have noticed a most striking likeness of Mr. Bristow, the author and teacher of the Anti-Angular system of writing, which has been drawn on stone by Pendleton, and published.

By the way, Mr. Bristow, certainly the most accomplished professor of his art, we have seen here for years, (who, unlike some writing masters we could name, pays his printers' bill) has taken his departure for Philadelphia, and no doubt will be welcomed in the city where he has so much celebrity and such a train of patrons. He has promised his friends here, to return in the ensuing spring, when he may anticipate a larger measure of success even than has distinguished his previous efforts among us.—*Boston Traveller.*

Foreign Intelligence.

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

We have received the following interesting intelligence by the packet ship President, Captain Moore, which vessel left Portsmouth on the 16th, and brings London papers to the 15th October.

The Havre packet ship Francis the First, left the channel with the President, and has repeatedly been in her company during her passage.

The London papers all admit, that a combined English and French fleet are about to proceed to the coast of Holland, with a view to compel the submission of the King to a separation of that country from Belgium, upon the terms of the London Conference. Nothing and transpired as to the course to be pursued by this naval expedition. Most probably a close blockade of the Dutch ports. It remains to be seen what will be the result of this warlike measure. Holland has no fleets to cope with it, nor can her allies render her maritime succor, so that if she will not submit, (and from her tone, we think she cannot well do so,) nothing remains for her but to march an army into Belgium, which would undoubtedly provoke an immediate war.

The British Parliament has been again prorogued. Its dissolution will not take place until the registration of voters under the Reform Bill.

The last quarter's revenue of Great Britain shows a considerable increase.

The convalescence of the King of Spain is confirmed. A change in the Spanish ministry has taken place. The late Prime Minister, M. Calomarde, has been sent in exile, and M. Zea Bermudez appointed in his place. The former was at the head of the party of Don Carlos, and it is supposed that the disposition shown by him during the illness of the king, to favor the claims of his brother to the succession, is the cause of his disgrace.

From the Portsmouth Herald of Saturday.

Naval Intelligence.—Orders have been issued for the assembling at Spithead, with as little delay as practicable, of a powerful squadron, to be placed under the command of Sir P. Malcolm, for the sake of proceeding to the Scheldt, and of acting in conjunction with a French fleet, in enforcing compliance on the part of the King of Holland with the wishes of the Five Powers.

Plymouth, Oct. 13.—Rumors were circulating in this town to-day, that Oporto had been strictly blockaded, and that the Water Witch had been unable to land the despatches: such is not the fact. Miguel's squadron was not near Oporto, and no attack had taken place since the 27th ultimo. The Water Witch sailed this afternoon, with the despatches, for Portsmouth.

Cholera Morbus.—Central Board of Health, Whitehall, Oct. 13. Great Britain, new cases, 245; deaths, 39; recoveries, 216. Decrease, 59; now remaining, 1,273.

The English newspapers, we observe, are full of wild surmises and inferences respecting the affairs of the late Sir Walter Scott. A paragraph quoted from a magazine into the Times, says, with most unjust and absurd sarcasm, that Scotland will permit Abbotsford to be brought to the hammer to satisfy the creditors of the illustrious deceased. The truth is, there will be no need of either Scotland or England interposing to prevent such a catastrophe. Of the debts included in Sir Walter Scott's trust deed of February, 1826, 21,000*l.* remained unpaid, exclusive of interest; including all other debts, the expenses of his journey, death-bed, &c., the whole does not exceed 30,000*l.* Now, such are the prospects of further profit from the cheap edition of his writings, that the family are enabled to come forward and offer to the creditors upon the trust the whole sum still due, deducting interest, which there is no reason to doubt will be accepted.—*Advertiser.*

LATE ATTACK ON OPORTO.

OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

Yesterday when I forw

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, November 24, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

E. H. P. next week.

We are much obliged to J. L. P. for the beautiful piece of music he has had the kindness to furnish, and shall give it an early insertion in the Casket.

We are glad to again welcome C. H. W.; and trust to be favored with effusions from her pen more frequently in future.

"The Three Dragons," displays a feeling of vindictiveness and triumph over a fallen enemy, of which any other might well be ashamed—we cannot give the piece a place.

The mathematical question in the paper in April last, is correctly answered by two correspondents. We insert to-day the shortest, and beg to assure A. R. that the only reason why his demonstration is not given also, is the great difficulty in constructing the large figures.

"The Friend I have Lost," is under consideration.

FAMILY CABINET ATLAS.

Messrs. Carey and Lea, have just issued a duodecimo volume, under this title, which we regard as one of the most useful works recently published. It is an atlas containing one hundred maps, handsomely engraved, and richly coloured. The atlas embraces, first, the World, and the continents, and secondly the subdivisions of the four quarters of the Globe into countries, nations and states. Before each page is a list of all the chief towns and places, belonging to the country delineated on the map, which are not thereon marked, with the latitude and longitude. The whole is calculated for a book of reference, where the position and situation of every place of consequence in the world, may be seen on the instant. Annexed to the atlas are several engravings, representing the comparative length of rivers, height of mountains, sizes of lakes, etc. Mercator, and one spherical projection of the world, and a representation of the polar regions.

The work, in addition to furnishing one hundred maps upon the same, latitude and longitude of nearly thirteen cities and towns. Every city in the known world is represented, and almost every map in the engraving of the maps is executed in the most possible style, and the book presents a most favorable specimen of our proficiency in the typographic art.

The venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last of the band of our chart of Independence, whose decease is announced in a portion of our readers last week, was laid on Saturday last, in pursuance of the plan of arrangement, adopted by the authorities of Baltimore. The procession embraced the heads and officers of the state and city departments, various societies and corporations, and an immense concourse of respectable citizens, assembled to mourn the loss of a gifted and patriotic public servant.

Demonstrations of sorrow for the loss of the last of a devoted band, who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their honors, in the sacred cause of liberty, have already been made in several of the principal cities of the Union, and they will probably be followed by others in every part of the United States, as the sad intelligence becomes known. In this place our fellow citizens have directed the Hall of Independence, and the council chambers, to be hung in mourning, and other measures are in progress.

An eulogium on the life and character of the deceased, is expected, will shortly be delivered in this city.

A New York paper, in noticing the obsequies of the land, expends these appropriate lines :—

The wheat has gathered the last golden sheaf,
And the garner of death is now filled to the brim;
The land of our Canaan, is clouded with grief,—
But the light of the blessed is shining on him.

Yet fields where the Amaranth never decays,
And the wail is all rapt with the music of heav'n;
It is now join'd the bright band of his earlier days,
And sorrows, for aye, from his bosom are driven.

The last trembling leaf from the chaplet is gone,
And o'er it is dropping the cold Autumn rain;
But more shall that chaplet our country adorn,—
Earth never can show such a garland again.

Columbia Rail-Road.

The bridge over the Schuylkill, near Peter's Island, which is to bear this rail-way, is progressing rapidly. Ten of the piers are already nearly completed, and the dams have been sunk for the remaining two. Half the foundations of them be laid before the cold weather sets in, the workmen will be able to employ their time in the winter to advantage, in constructing bridge work, &c.

Steam engines are used for pumping the water from the coffer dams. The one used at the first pier on the east side is a six horse power, which exerts a force sufficiently strong to keep the shafts clear. In this manner, at the depth of about thirty feet, the stump of a tree was found completely embedded in the soil. We fear may show that the course of the stream has considerably deserted from its original channel. In adjoining coffer dam, a twelve horse power engine has been found necessary, the water being several feet deeper.

The piers are most substantially erected, and stand on a diagonal position to the stream. The masonry above high water level has been laid in Roman cement, and renders the work impervious to water. The side bridge, by contract, must be finished by the first May, 1832.

At the foot of the bridge, on the western side, the inclined plane commences. It extends to a distance of 1100 feet, and is elevated in this distance, 180 feet. On the road is nearly level, and at no instance does more than thirty feet in the mile. At the top of the inclined plane it is proposed to erect a stationary engine, to draw up the cars.

About twenty-two miles of this rail-way are now finished, and in operation. Travellers to the west are passed this distance on their journey. The whole is, though under contract, will scarcely be finished at the end of a twelve-month, as inclement weather generally retard the labors of the workmen. The work is superintended by Gen. Mitchell.

The branch from the main line, extending nine miles to Frankford, is completed, and in operation. A locomotive engine will shortly be placed on the line.

William Fennerfield, alias Ellis, charged with the theft of $2,000, the property of the Bank of Penn Township, had a final examination before the Mayor of this city on Monday last, which resulted in his being held over in the sum of $5,000, for his appearance at the next court of Quarter Sessions, for trial. The evidence elicited was, mainly, what has already been laid before the public; it appears to exonerate Maddeton from any criminal connexion in the affair, although his conduct evidences gross carelessness and neglect—Fennerfield, it is stated, abstracted the package of money from Maddeton's pocket, while this individual was engaged in an obscure tavern, in the lower part of the city.

A kind of corn, residing in Haddonfield, New Jersey, has ears as a host of mammoth proportions, which produces to nine in comparison with that noticed last week or two since. It weighs rather more than two pounds, and is "large in proportion." Three ears, raised in the same bed, weighed together, twenty-one pounds.

A young man, named Francis Weaver, was killed instantly at Beaver county, Pa., about two weeks since. He had been digging for some time, when the bank and stone above fell in on him, broke his back, and caused him to a shocking manner. He lived three or four days in great agony.

History of Switzerland.—The thirteenth number of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia embraces a condensed History of Switzerland, brought down to the year 1830. Like the preceding historical numbers of this valuable publication, is abounds with interesting details, illustrative of the habits, character, and political condition of the people and country it describes; and affords, in the small space of one volume, a digest of all the important facts, which, in more elaborate histories, occupy five times the space.

Those who patronize this publication exercise economy both in money and time. In 250 pages, purchased for a mere trifle, we find the whole history of a nation and its people, which we are enabled to peruse, with pleasure and profit, in one quarter the time necessary to go through the regular work, the price of which is, not unfrequently, beyond our reach. Thus we acquire information almost for nothing. The work is one which should be in every library.

We extract from the History of Switzerland the following account of the celebrated William Tell.

"Soon after occurred the famous episode of William Tell, unconnexious to the main plot in its issue. The man, who was one of the sworn at Ruth, and noted for his high and daring spirit, opposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the hat without making obeisance. Whatever of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some further evidence from Tell on the subject. Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humor, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a great distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him; and the vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice: and, seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied, evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed on him further, and assured him of his life, whatever the arrow might have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for THEE; and be sure I should not have missed my mark a second time." Transported with rage not unmixed with terror, Gessler exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwytz, in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rock, distinguished to the present day as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only possible landing-place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross-bow, and escaped by a daring leap, leaving the skiff to wreathe its way in the billows. The vogt also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal into from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tidings of his death enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307."

CHOLERA AT NEW ORLEANS.

Recent accounts from New Orleans represent the condition of that city as truly appalling. The cholera is raging with the utmost violence, and the distress and suffering is immense. Letters received at New York a day or two since, state that on the first inst. 300 deaths had occurred during the day, and that at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 2d, not fewer than 200 bodies, which had been brought to the different cemeteries, remained unburied. So appalling was the disease, and so heart-stricken the people, that persons could not be found to bestow on the victims the ordinary rites of sepulchre. The public authorities therefore had been compelled to resort to the revolting measure of sinking the unburied bodies in the river to avoid the consequences that might result from putrefaction. All business was suspended, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The bakers had shut their shops for want of persons to carry on their business, and the butchers had refused to pursue their usual avocations in the market. We cannot but hope that this melancholy picture may be somewhat overdrawn, from the workings of sympathy and terror. Previous advices, however, and the responsible channel through which it comes, leaves us little room to doubt that the calamities of New York in July, were but a tithe of those which have fallen upon Rome thereto.

The New Orleans Argus of the third instant, reports 170 interments, in two burial grounds, on the 1st instant, and 177 on the second. A letter to the editor of the Mobile Commercial Register gives the number of interments for seven successive days, which increase from 105 to 200 in that time. A writer under date of the 2d instant, says:—Since my last, the disease has spread to an alarming extent, and I have reason to believe that SIX HUNDRED human beings have gone within the last three days. Mostly slaves, or people of dissolute habits; but such is our dreadful state, that we cannot get people to bury the dead. The city is now one cloud of black smoke—burning barrels of tar, firing off cannon, having been resorted to from one end of the town to the other. It is impossible to describe the panic that prevails; for, although I consider the disease to be subsiding since yesterday, the fact of 200 corpses lying within gunshot of the city, unburied, and in a state of putrefaction, alarms all of us.

A gentleman writing to the office, from Baton Rouge, La., November 3d, says:—"The cholera, yellow fever, and some say the small pox, are carrying off the people of New Orleans, in a manner calculated to set the most thoughtless to thinking. There can be but little doubt that not less than 150 persons die daily. Indeed we have it from authority that cannot fairly be questioned, a few days past, something like 300 have died in each 24 hours. The yellow fever has not reached this place yet, although we have a constant intercourse with New Orleans, but we are in daily expectation of having the cholera among us."

The population of New Orleans and suburbs is rather more than 45,000 souls.

The Covington Palladium of the 3d instant, furnishes these additional distressing particulars:—"The demand for coffins is so great, that the most distressing scenes and heart-rending facts result therefrom, upwards of 20 dead bodies at a time have been lying in the charity hospital, for want of coffins to bury them, and many unburied in the grave yards. The price for grave digging is $6 per day, and nurses demand 10, and not to be had in many instances for that—the excitement is truly alarming, and we are too well assured of its being well founded."

A letter published in a Mobile paper states, that during the week ending Nov. 1st. 1240 deaths occurred from cholera. Another letter holds this language:—"Death and destruction are staring us in the face at every step. I feel like a man in a dark pathway, filled with pits and snares, and he knows not but every step he takes will launch him into one. The public prints give you no idea of the distress that prevails here; I write strictly within bounds when I mention that 1200 persons have been buried from Sunday morning last to the present moment. In fact, it has been computed by many, that it has averaged 200 per day. This statement, believe me, is true. From the great number of coffins needed, some are merely square boxes. I saw on Thursday in three trenches, about 120 coffins not yet covered; I was there for half an hour, and in that time I think there were at least 20 coffins brought in, some on drays, carts, and some even born on the shoulders of four individuals.

Singular Fancy of a Dog.—A late number of the Boston Traveller contains the following paragraph:—"There is a large dog in this city, a Newfoundland spaniel, belonging to a member of fire engine No. 7, who has been so much accustomed to follow his master at every alarm, that he will now hurry away to the engine house at the first cry of fire, whether his master be at home or not; and if the engine has anticipated him and is on its way to combat with the fiery element, he searches it out, passing every other that intervenes, until he comes up with his favorite No. 7, when he seizes the rope and lends his aid to drag forward the machine. It is noticeable too, that when he has been in the engine room of an evening, where several were seated, he has invariably been the first to hear an alarm and to give the signal bark, arousing the firemen to their duty. On a late occasion, when the dog had been prompt to make his appearance at the first sound of the bell, one of the company, deeming his interference troublesome, repulsed and drove him away. Old Rover, not liking such treatment, quickly marched up to his opponent, and with one grip rent in twain his nether integuments; then bounding by him, seized the rope, and with a toss of the head trotted off with the end in his mouth.

THE PRESIDENCY.

The Elections for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, for the term of four years from the 4th of March next, are now generally over. South Carolina, we believe, is the only state which has not chosen electors, and it is probable, in this state none will be chosen. The Legislature is the appointing power. Official returns from all the states have not been received, but we have sufficient before us to judge certainly of the result.

The whole number of Electoral votes is two hundred and eighty-eight: one hundred and forty-five being necessary for a choice. General Jackson will probably receive the votes of Maine 10; New Hampshire 7; New Jersey 8; New York 42; Pennsylvania 30; Maryland (in part) 3; Virginia 23; North Carolina 15; Georgia 11; Alabama 7; Missouri 4; Illinois 5; Ohio 21; Mississippi 4; Tennessee 15; Indiana 9; in all 214 votes, being sixty-nine more than necessary to secure his re-election.

Rhode Island 4; Massachusetts 14; Connecticut 8; Delaware 3; Maryland (in part) 7; Louisiana 5; Kentucky 15; in all fifty-six votes, are expected to be given to Henry Clay.

Vermont 7, and possibly South Carolina 11; making 13 votes, will be given to the anti-masonic candidate, William Wirt.

Gen. Jackson is therefore certainly re-elected President, by a large majority. For Vice President Martin Van Buren, of New York, will receive all the Jackson votes excepting those from Pennsylvania, which, it is expected, will be given to William Wilkins. Deducting these, his whole vote will be one hundred and eighty-four, or thirty-nine more than sufficient for a choice.

WINTER.

"A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way."

Old hoary headed winter is coming upon us with rapid strides. The forest trees are bare, and the keen northwestern wind is whistling through our streets. Drizzling rains, sleet and snow will follow in their regular course, to the great detriment of our outdoor comforts, and to the serious inconvenience of all who prefer gossiping to their own firesides. We should be prepared for the inclement weather with which we shall shortly be visited,—the cutter by securing a reasonable supply of fuel for his parlour and kitchen, and the farmer by filling his shelves with a selection of books. Winter is the season for social enjoyment, and for storing our minds and improving our understandings by study and research. No time is so proper, no situation so convenient for gathering knowledge as the long evenings of winter, by our firesides. Here we may sit and converse, and study and read, and the howlings of the tempest without will be unheard, and the intense cold of the atmosphere, unfelt.

"Winter! I love thee, for thou come'st to me,
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with birds and solitude agree,
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows and the neighb'ring hills,
That rear their cloud-capt summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,
That charm'd our ears, and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
What though the zephyrs of the summer tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year
Are fled and gone, kind heaven has not denied,
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And evening parties for our recreation;
And these suffice, for seasons snatch'd away,
Till spring leads forth the slowly length'ning day."

Winter too, is the season of charity. A portion of our time may be profitably employing in searching out the poor, the afflicted, the distressed, and in ministering to their various wants, from the abundance, with which we are favoured. We may lend our exertions to give employment to the indigent—to reclaim the profligate—to reform the evil-disposed, and in hundreds of ways, we may make ourselves useful to the world. Let us act so, and none may call us unhappy.

THEATRICAL.

Miss Clara Fisher concluded her engagement at the Arch street Theatre, on Wednesday evening. She appeared, during her stay, in several of her most prominent characters, which she performed with her usual success.

Mr. E. Forrest appeared as Orallooza on Tuesday, having returned from a profitable excursion to Boston, where Dr. Bird's new tragedy met with the most flattering success. Mr. Stone's Metamora was performed on Thursday.

Mr. Wallack is still at the Chesnut street Theatre, where he draws crowded houses. His Martin Heywood is a most powerfully affecting performance, true to nature, and forcible and correct. This drama has proved highly attractive. It abounds with absorbing interest, and the principal character, as performed by Wallack, is drawn with great skill and effect. The romantic drama of the Brigand, was brought out on Wednesday, in excellent style.

The Directors of the Italian Opera at New York have engaged the Chesnut street Theatre from the first of January next, for three months. The managers of that theatre will remove, with their good company of performers, to the Walnut street establishment. They will make a sacrifice in so doing; and are actuated, we believe, chiefly by a desire to contribute to the greater gratification of the public. They have deserved already general thanks and favor, for the successful efforts which they have made to provide for their boards, the highest dramatic powers and reputation.

Madame Brichta, well known in Philadelphia as a distinguished vocalist, made her first appearance at the Italian Opera House, N. Y., on Saturday evening last. A correspondent of the New York Mercantile, says of her debut:—"She was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, which went on increasing to the fall of the curtain. Her voice is a contralto highly cultivated, of considerable compass and of surpassing sweetness; it wants, nevertheless, that force and power of which her limited acquaintance with the stage alone seems to deprive it. Her opening scene and the grand cavatina at the end of the second act, in particular, drew forth applause as merited as it was rapturous. With no pretensions whatever to being an an actress, Mdme. Brichta gave the recitative in a style that would have done honor to a far more practised and experienced performer. We congratulate her upon her unequivocal success, and feel secure in saying that she will become a valuable (we had almost said an invaluable) acquisition to the Italian Opera House.

The benefit of John Howard Payne, to be given the beginning of next week at the Park Theatre, promises to be a bumper. The whole affair has been managed thus far in a manner creditable to New York. All the theatrical stars in the country will form a constellation for the occasion. Treble the usual price has already been volunteered for seats, and a correspondent of one of the papers advises the committee of arrangement to fix the price of all the tickets at five dollars, and to open a communication between the pit and boxes, so that every seat in the house may be sold at the same rate.

In a severe gale which occurred on the British coast, on the 7th and 8th of last October, several packet ships were driven ashore. The Algerine of this city, was among them, but was got off, with little damage. The William Nelson, of Liverpool, went to pieces in the night, and all on board, 26 in number perished.

The New York Globe is endeavouring to convince the good people of the United States that the mother Bank of the United States ought to be located in the "Commercial Emporium."

An election was held in South Carolina last week for members of a state convention to nullify the states. The polls were attended by the State's Rights party only, as the Union party, deeming the proceeding unreasonable, refused to nominate candidates. In the city of Charleston the average vote was 877, while the number of votes polled by the same party in October was 1433—showing a falling off of 556 voters. This fact evidences that a great portion of the anti-tariff citizens of the state, are opposed to the violent measures recommended by Governor Hamilton.

A meeting of citizens, was held in New York city on Monday last, at which it was resolved to take measures for the erection of a monument to the memory of Walter Scott. No subscription from one individual, to exceed ten dollars.

A destructive fire broke out in Buffalo, N. Y., one evening last week, which was not subdued until about sixty buildings were destroyed, effecting a loss to the owners of not less than $300,000. It commenced in a wooden building near the Exchange, and is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Appointment by the President.—Charles W. Dana, of the District of Columbia, to be Consul of the United States for Guayama, in the United Mexican States.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

At the City Oyster House in Third street, there is to be seen a rare curiosity—a trio of Sea Horses, male and female—captured in the Chesapeake by our enterprising shell fishermen. They appear to be an excellent sparis.

We have received two numbers of Robinson's Exchange, a weekly paper, published by J. J. Robinson, 93 Chesnut street. The Exchange, as its name imports, is chiefly devoted to prices current, the stock market, bank notes, &c., but it has a pleasant mingling of light reading.

We learn, that Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., has been requested to prepare and deliver the funeral oration on the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

We learn that the upper part of the Schuylkill Canal has already been once or twice slightly frozen over within the last fortnight. The navigation will close in less than a month. We believe the quantity of coal already received, or on its way to Philadelphia, will be found sufficient to supply the city.

The Rev. Thomas Porter, of this city, has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the Central Union Association, missionary to mariners, in the Port of Philadelphia.

After a charity sermon for St. Joseph's Orphan's Asylum, by the very Rev. Dr. Power, of New York, at St. Mary's Church, in Fourth street, on Sunday, there was a collection made of $583 31, and a diamond ring. Dr. P. two years since preached to the same congregation, when the collection for the poor amounted to $667.

On Saturday last, in Reading, Pa. as the Pottsville stage was about leaving the door of a hotel, in taking a short turn, it capsized, by which accident several passengers were slightly injured.

In a church in Allentown, on Sunday last, as the Rev. Mr. Yeager was about administering the sacrament to his congregation, two large black snakes emerged from the wall, and commenced gambolling on the sounding board.

A writing machine has been invented in Germany, by means of which it is said that the most rapid speech may be written down as fast as delivered. Indeed, its celerity of application is such that it outstrips the human voice. To write the sentence, "every beginning is difficult," requires only four strokes in as quick succession as possible.

Five death by cholera have occurred at Lexington, Ky. Seven cases were reported at Louisville on the 13th inst.

Ain't he a "Roller?"—A Mormon preacher at Marietta, Ohio, has published a pamphlet in which he announces that he is the Comet.

A boatman in a quarrel on Saturday last, shot one of his comrades. The wounded man died on Monday. The act was perpetrated below Norristown.

The Councils of the city of New York have voted to increase the number of watchmen to eight hundred.

A public dinner is to be given to Mr. Rives, late minister to France, by citizens of New York.

France has increased the duty on American flour, so as to amount to a prohibition.

They have good sleighing in the state of Maine.

A New Jersey paper opposed to Jackson says, "we have not met the enemy yet."

The City Councils of Wilmington, (Del.) have purchased and sent to Philadelphia, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Cape de Verds, fifty barrels of Corn meal.

The good people at Pottsville are taking measures to erect a market-house in that place.

The house of David Leech, of Leechburg, Cambria county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 8th inst.

Accounts from Frankfort, Ky. have been received, which represent the cholera to rage in that place to a greater extent than at any other point in that country. Frankfort contains about 2000 inhabitants, and from a report of the Board of Health it appears that 22 cases occurred in 27 hours preceding the 7th instant, of which eleven had proved fatal at the date of the report.

A Southern editor says, the Cholera and Nullification are both raging with great violence in South Carolina, and it is a matter of some doubt which will prove the most destructive.

A Greenville, S. C. paper says, that the most violent of the Nullifiers in South Carolina, are Englishmen and other foreigners not naturalized. These desire the prostration of the protective system, that they may have employment for their manufactories, in the old country.

The editors of the Newburn N. Y. Gazette, nominate Gen. Andrew Jackson, as a candidate for the Presidency, for the third term, all usages and customs to the contrary notwithstanding.

The steamboat Martha Ogden was wrecked on her way from Oswego to Sackett's Harbor, on the night of the 12th inst.—No lives lost.

William Rhoads, a citizen of Brownsville, Pa., was accidentally drowned at the mouth of Pike Run on the night of the 13th inst.

Canton papers speak of a rebellion on the frontiers of China.

It is already ascertained that applications will be made to the next Legislature of New York for seven new banks, to be located in various places throughout that state.

There are nine capital offences in this country. In Great Britain there are one hundred and sixty-two crimes punishable by death.

It is estimated that the total amount of subscriptions in the United States, for the relief of the famishing inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands, will amount to about $35,000.

It is reported that the cholera has made its appearance on the West Branch Canal, near Williamsport, Lycoming county, and that several of the laborers have died of it.

The Baltimore Chronicle observes—"A movement on the part of the nullifiers is certainly anticipated by the President, as he is making preparations to place Charleston in a state of defence. Arms, ammunition, &c., have been ordered from this port, and two companies of Artillery from Norfolk for Charleston."

A learned society has proposed for its prize question this, *What is the best means of destroying Rats?* Unless the subject is political, one might have a chance for the premium in answering, *By encouraging the breed of Cats.*

In Centre county, Pa., a radish has been raised weighing 15¼ pounds, measuring 32 inches in circumference and 22 long.

A celebrated optician of Paris, has just invented an opera glass, which, by reflection, enables the spectator to see what is going on behind him.

Flag.—We find the following in the Pittsburgh Mercury:—"Extract of a letter from Economy, to a gentleman in this city:—'Last night all the barns, together with a great many houses, were destroyed by fire. The damages are estimated at $100,000.'"

The brig Metacomet, arrived at New Orleans from Curacoa, reports that cases had reached there of a great fire at Surinam, which destroyed 400 houses.

Dr. Spurzheim, strolling through a churchyard in France, perceived a grave digger tossing up the earth, among which were two or three dead skulls. The craniologist took one up, and, after considering it a little time, said, "oh, this was the skull of a philosopher." "Very like, sir," said the grave digger, "for I do see it is somewhat cracked."

The Somerset (Maine) Journal says, Elias P. Boles of Solon, has obtained this session of the Court of Common Pleas against Jacheth H. McAlister, a verdict of $1,000, for breach of promise of marriage. This is a dear courting.

Dr. Green, former editor of the Connectican, and Mr. Francis Stebbins, propose setting up a new paper in New York, to be entitled, "The Independent Citizen." It is to be published daily at $6 per annum.

The Journeymen Printers, in New Orleans have left that city in consequence of the sickness now raging the place, and some of the daily papers are only published twice or thrice a week in consequence.

Dr. Anderson of Delaware, Mr. M'Culloch of Franklin, and Abner Lacock of Beaver, are spoken of as candidates on behalf of the Anti-Jackson party for the Speaker's Chair of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

We are informed, by a gentleman acquainted with the secrets of the cabinet at Washington, that Major Barry, who is at present extremely indisposed, intends to resign the office of Post Master General; and that it was generally believed that Colonel Richard M. Johnson will be appointed to succeed him.

The gambling houses in Paris are supposed to clear 6,000,000 of francs annually, a large proportion of which is paid to the government, for the privilege of keeping up those establishments. A branch of the principal one, the Salon, is about to be opened in Regent street, London, if no objection is made by William IV. to the introduction of so much foreign capital.

The Cotton Factory of Mr. Theophilus Kechler, located in the neighborhood of Bellefonte, Pa., was destroyed by fire on the night of the fifth inst. The loss is estimated at $2500.

It is said that Charles X. was compelled to leave Scotland for fear of a personal arrest for an old debt.

A death by hydrophobia occurred at Westmoreland, New York, on the 2d inst. The victim was a young man who had been bitten by a dog about four weeks previous. All remedies proved unavailing. His death was preceded by terrible agony.

The Cincinnati Gazette announces the death of Col. Stephen M'Farland, aged 61 years, a native of Franklin county, Pa. but for many years a resident of Cincinnati. He is said to have lived and died an honest man, and one of the most disinterested and humane that ever breathed.

Two brothers, Benjamin and James Hart, were tried at the Boston Municipal Court, on Monday last, on a charge of forgery, and both acquitted.

According to the Gettysburg Star, that borough is improving rapidly—*new buildings* are "going up," new stores are starting into existence, and there is every indication of prosperity.

The author of Waverley was a public speaker, "graceful, fluent, and easy." When composing his novels, he generally finished sixteen pages a day, and there were very few alterations necessary. "He was very distrustful of his own talents, and was more humbled," says a writer of the Edinburgh Courant, "by a sense of his deficiencies, than gratified by what he actually performed."

The people of Michigan territory have decided, by a large majority of votes, in favor of taking the preliminary steps for state government.

The Br. schr. Clio arrived at Savannah, 7th inst. in seventy hours from Nassau, boarded the brig Gen. Rucafont, from Havana for Charleston, dismasted in a severe gale, and had to run the brig ashore for the safety of the crew and cargo. The captain, passengers and crew, and part of the cargo also, had proceeded to Nassau.

Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the London Quarterly, is said to be engaged in writing a full and interesting biography of the lamented novelist. Both as regards talent, and information concerning the life and opinions of his distinguished theme, no one could be better selected for the purpose than Mr. Lockhart.

The General Assembly of Vermont have decided upon fixing the seat of Government permanently at Montpelier. A new State House is to be erected.

The Louisville Focus of the 12th inst. says—"the Cholera has at length reached Frankfort, in this state, and appears to be raging there with a degree of malignity unparalleled in this country. It is stated that on Friday last there were 37 cases, and 15 deaths; another account from there estimates the number of death on that day at 30.

George Stevens used to relate a story of a man that married a woman so much taller than himself, that if he wished to salute her, he was obliged to climb upon a table. This woman, added George, if her husband was ever out of humor and complained, would look down as if from a two story window, and ask, Who is it that keeps grumbling there below?

The price of wheat at Steubenville, is 65 cents per bushel; at Massillon, on the Ohio canal, 70 cents.

The farm and country seat at Newtown, N. Y., owned by the late Gov. Clinton, (with about thirty-one acres of land), was on Saturday sold at auction by Messrs. Bleecker & Son, for $1,150.

It is stated in letters from Paris, dated the 9th ult. that General Lafayette looked then as well as he did ten years before. He no longer visited the Royal palace. He was to be the Opposition's candidate for the Speaker's chair, in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Port of Spain Gazette, of Oct. 5th, contains a letter from Martinique of the 27th of September, which states, that a plot had been discovered among the negroes in that island, for murdering the whites, which was to have been executed on St. Bartholomew's eve. The government would adopt measures to guard against its effects.

The debts of Sir Walter Scott amount to £53,000. As a set off against this sum, the trustees have between 7 and £10,000 in hand and his life insurance for £7,000, leaving a balance of about £22,000, which was expected to be raised in a week, the creditors settled with, and Abbotsford presented to his family.

Baron Huygens, late minister from Holland to the United States, had been appointed Ambassador to Denmark. The Dutch King had presented him patents of nobility, in consequence of the active part he took in New York in the recovery of the jewels of the Princess of Orange.

A beet was raised in the garden of Lewis Deing, of Chambersburgh, Pa. which, when trimmed, weighed 23 pounds—measured 24 inches in length, and 26 in circumference. A cabbage head raised in Bedford county, Pa., weighed 34 pounds, and with ten others weighed 304 pounds. A potato raised near Rochester, N. Y., weighed 4¾ pounds. Another raised at Palmyra, N. Y., weighed 5 pounds 10 ounces.

Two fine lions have arrived at New York in the brig Hope, from the coast of Africa.

We learn, says a New York paper of yesterday, that the Rev. Dr. Ruypers, of the Reformed Dutch Church of this city, was taken violently ill last week, and that it was supposed that poison had been put in the coffee which he drank. We have no particulars. He was prayed for in the churches on Sunday.

Gen. P. W. Alston has been elected President of the Branch of the Bank of the state of South Carolina at Georgetown.

Advices from the Gold Coast to the first of September state that the slave trade was exceedingly brisk, there being thirteen vessels between Cape St. Paula and Cape Lopez, laden with cargoes for the purchase of slaves.

The Journal of Commerce estimates that the amount collected in this country in behalf of the Cape de Verd sufferers, will not fall short of $35,000.

James Saul, Esq. has been appointed Cashier of the Branch Bank of the United States in New Orleans, in the place of S. Jaudon, Esq. resigned.

During the season just closed, seven thousand one hundred and forty-two emigrants have received relief from the Quebec Emigrant Fund.

Mark Winslow, the notorious counterfeiter, the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Chapman, has lately been released from the Charlestown State Prison.

The New York Gazette says, that a large sum has been subscribed in that city to procure a marble statue of General Jackson.

A New Jersey paper mentions that the *Lady Relief*, a celebrated running mare, owned by Dr. Davey, died a few days since at Bound brook. It will be recollected that she run the heats of 90 miles against Black Maria and Trifle a few weeks since on the Union Course, L. I.

Pretty fair gone.—During a heavy fall of rain a fellow who had taken a drop too much, happened to deposit himself underneath a water spout. He thus "laying alone in his glory, to and soon relieving—" Not a drop more, gentleman not a drop more."

A Card.

THE subscribers inform their friends and the public, that they have entered into copartnership, under the firm of Reigart & Swaine, for the purpose of transacting the Dry Goods business, and have taken store No. 329 Market street, north side, between 7th and 8th, where various goods may be had at a small advance.

J. REIGART, JR.
nov 24—3t* EDMUND DEACON.

New Fur and Cap Store.

NO. 143 South Sixth Street,—Caps, Pelerines, Boa Tippets and Muffs of a variety of Furs ready in the best manner and of the latest fashion. Every article in the Fur and Cap line made to order, altered or carefully repaired.

Wanted, Fancy Cap makers.
nov 24—3t*

Catechism of American Law.

JUST published, the Catechism of American Law—adapted to popular use—a new and useful work to all persons in business, and those who may wish to be acquainted with American Law, written in a pleasing style. For sale by

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JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

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nov 24—tf

ALMANAC.

1832. NOVEMBER.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
24 Saturday,	7 14	4 46	3 43	
25 Sunday,	7 15	4 45	4 24	D. 9. 8.
26 Monday,	7 15	4 45	5 23	
27 Tuesday,	7 16	4 44	6 11	
28 Wednesday,	7 17	4 43	6 57	Full 6 3 p
29 Thursday,	7 18	4 42	7 42	Last 14 10 a
30 Friday,	7 18	4 42	8 26	New 22 4 m
1 Saturday,	7 19	4 41	9 9	First 30 7 e

By request of the Managers of the Philadelphia Institute, a sermon will be delivered on Sunday evening next, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, to the Young Men of the Institute. The Young Men of the city, generally, are invited to attend. Seats will be reserved for them.

N. B. The next Lecture will be delivered on the following Sabbath evening, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, in the First Presbyterian Church.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Joseph G. Beach, to Miss Hope Ann Riley, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by Benjamin Hutchinson, Esq. Mr. William Smith, to Miss Sarah Wild, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. James Foulhouse, Francois Pelet, Esq. to Miss Jeannie Adelaide Marie Weibert.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. George G. Knowles, to Miss Martha C. Knowles, both of Delaware county.

On Thursday evening, by his Honor, the Mayor, Aaron A. Fuhrley, to Miss Mary Phipps, all of the District of Southwark.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. Reuben B. Berry, to Miss Catherine Mills.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. Rusling, Joseph Horn, to Barbara Woolman.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. John Armstrong, to Miss Jane Perry, both of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Dr. McAuley, Mr. Thomas Ross, to Miss Eliza Lane, all of this city.

On the 14th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Stephen Cantrell, to Miss Catherine Thompson, all of this city.

In Washington City, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, the Hon. John G. Watmough, a Representative in Congress, from the State of Pennsylvania, to Matilda, eldest daughter of Stephen Pleasonton, Esq. Auditor of the Treasury Department.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Delancy, Wm. S. Biddle, Esq. to Elizabeth Keating, daughter of the Hon. Joseph Hopkins.

On Saturday evening, 17th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Sears, Mr. Henry Wallins, of Philadelphia, to Miss Lucretia Mitchell, of Berlin, Conn.

On Thursday evening, 15th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop

He knew what's what, and that's as high,
As metaphysic wit can fly!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ENFIELD, Nov. 5, 1832.

MR. EDITOR—The following solution to the mathematical question in your paper of the 27th ult., is at your service.

Let χ = the time the ball was falling in seconds. Then by the question 3χ = the time in which the sound returned. And as sound flies 1142 feet in a second, 3χ multiplied by $1142 = 3426\chi$ = the distance which the sound travels, or the length of the ladder.

(Enfield's Philosophy, Prop. XXVI. Scholium.) The distance which a heavy body falls in a given time, is equal to 16.1 feet multiplied by the square of the time $= 16.1 \times \chi^2$, setting aside the fractional part of 16.1, we have the distance $= 16\chi^2$. But as 3426χ is also equal to the same distance, we have $16\chi^2 = 3426\chi$. ·. Reducing this equation, gives $\chi = 214.125$ sec. = the time of falling. Then $214.125 \times 3 = 642.375$ = time of sounds rising. And $642.375 \times 1142 = 733592.25$ feet. = 138.937 miles = his height above the earth.

We "guess" he'll want a longer ladder.

YANKEE.

Solution of A. J. P's Question.

If χ = the time in which the ball descends, 3χ will be the time that it takes for the sound to ascend. Let g = the dist. a body falls in the first second of time, and s = the dist. that sound traverses in the same time; then by the laws of gravitation $\chi^2 g$ = space passed over by the ball and by paeumatics $3\alpha\chi$ = the same distance ·'·. $\chi^2 g = 3\alpha\chi$ which being resolved after the manner of a quadratic gives $\chi = \frac{3590}{16.08^{\frac{201}{2}}} = 210.77$ seconds, or 135½ miles for the height of the unfortunate wight.

N. U.

DESCRIPTION OF A FACE!

OR LITTLE ABOUT NOTHING.

"There was a man."
But mark th' assertion's quoted,
And it should be noted,
That I never can,
Nor will, make my own credit
On so unlike a thing,
Unless it bring
Some better proof than mere, "some one hath said it,"
With a "local habitation and a name,"
Not how he came,
By both or either,
Which I know not—neither
Was it essential, at this time,
T have named the thing, so as to make out the rhyme.

He was the queerest creature—
Voice, manner, form, and features.
There is no doubt,
That ever wore a wig.
A mile to big,
And wrong side out,—
Or, that ever had a passion
For that exploded fashion—
A ragged coat,
Without a wife to sew't.

There was an air—a grace,
About his face,
Which would at once enable
The blindest to perceive,
And to believe
The story yet to tell, was not a fable.

His forehead? Phœbus! have you e'er yourself
Seen half a cheese set edgewise on the shelf?
An epicurean figure any how.
It gives a notion of his ample brow.

And then his eyes: why get the cook, or so,
Upon a tin to make a face of dough,
Then pierce two holes, just where the eyes should be,
And at the bottom two grey spots you'll see.

His nose was neither aquiline nor Roman,
Yet 'twas a nose,
(As I suppose,)
Not such another, no man
Did ever gaze
Upon a phiz.
A half grown gourd,
Pared off one side and stuck against a board,
Gives a resemblance
Of his nasal member.

The mouth and chin—
Fancy a great gash, in
A watermelon,
And you have the first;
The last he fell on
When he was a youth,
And broke it off, so now, to tell the truth,
He had no underpining to his face at all,
Or if a little, it was very small.

Of such a mortal, one could not but sorrow
The strangest things! and I have yet to tell,
A tale more wonderful than Munchausen's, margre
His was the oddest fate that e'er befell.

☞ The story, reader, never yet was heard,
But if it should be told, I'll send you word.

IRISH EFFRONTERY.—The crew of a man-of-war which had just returned from a long voyage, was one day busily employed in bringing up the hammocks on deck to air; and as each man appeared with his load, he reported the number to a young lieutenant stationed on the poop. An Irishman named Murphy was near the last. As soon as he gained the deck the officer demanded "what number?" "12, your honor," was the immediate reply "12! that can't be, look again." "It is, your honor." "I tell you it cannot be; the man who owned No. 12 died of a fever in the West Indies, and it has not been used since." "It is your honour," was the pertinacious reply. Down jumps the officer off the poop, struts up to the hammock, and turning suddenly round, with all the warmth of offended authority, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, what do you mean by telling me it's 12, when it's clearly 444?" "Lurd love your honor," says Pat, scratching his head, and casting a comical leer at the officer. "I *big* your honor *tin* thousand pardons; but I always thought till now that 3 times 4 made 12."—*Comic Magazine.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The following "slight mistake" occurred at a late Old Baily Session, between a respectable tradesman of the city (whom we shall designate as Mr. Brown) and the learned Recorder:—Just as the Middlesex Jury were being discharged, and the London Jury called on, Mr. Brown, who was summoned to serve on the London Jury, in attempting to make his way towards the box received considerable obstruction from one of the officers of the Court, and a great disturbance was created in consequence. The Recorder called silence, and the officer remonstrated, but all in vain. Mr. Brown pushed and the officer pummelled, until at last, the former was ordered before the Recorder. "Who are you, sir?" asked the Recorder, in his mild and winning manner, "and where do you come from?" "My name is Brown, my lord," said the other, "of the old Jury." "Why you are discharged from further attendance," responded the Judge, "and you may leave the Court." "Thank you, my lord," replied Mr. Brown, who thereupon went home to pursue his calling, wondering how the deuce it was he had been suffered to escape his turn as a Juryman. In the mean time the names of the London Jury were called over by the officer of the Court, and "John Brown," was *non est inventus.* "Let him be fined 10*l.*," said the Recorder, "for non-attendance." A messenger was immediately despatched to John Brown to inform him of the "news," who straightway hastened to the Court, with the loss of 10*l.* staring him in the face. "Here is John Brown, my lord," said the officer. Recorder—"You are fined 10*l.*, Mr. Brown, for not attending here as a Juryman." Mr. Brown—"I attended here half an hour ago, my lord, and you told me I might leave the Court, so I went home." Recorder—"Yes, sir, I recollect you told me a gross falsehood, and at the same time committed a contempt of Court. You deserve to be punished for that too." Mr. Brown—"I told you no falsehood, my lord." Recorder (rising in a rage)—"Did not you tell, sir, you belonged to the *old* Jury?" Mr. Brown—"So I do, my lord. My name's John Brown, ladies and gentlemen's boot and shoemaker, of No. —, in the *Old Jewry*, Cheapside." The murder was now out—the mistake explained—the fine remitted—and Mr. Brown, of the Old Jewry, escaped both punishment and servitude, a new Jury having been impannelled before the *eclaircissement* had taken place.

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on the breaking out of the cholera, "to witness a great many deathbed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," said a friend, "if you get much practice."

From the New York Constellation.

CONTINGENCIES.

When Yates, the comedian, was merging from his minority as an actor, it happened that his route to join a provincial company, led him to the city of Oxford. With that ecoonmy which none understand more thoroughly than the votaries of Thespis, he dispatched his portmanteau by the wagon, and commenced his journey on foot. On his arrival at Oxford, towards evening, elated with the idea of seeing many of his old school-fellows, he entered the first inn he came to, and desired to be shown to a room. The waiter seemed to eye him with due estimation; there might be a respectability about him amounting to negus, but then his shoes, dusty from walking, might have reduced that respectability a shade in the waiter's opinion. "A room, Sir," said the waiter; "yes, sir, this way sir, the coffee room!" "No," said our comedian, "a private room to myself!"—Perhaps the waiter thought him presumptuous—however, he led him through a long, narrow, dark passage, into a large old fashioned apartment, that would have inspired an antiquarian or a romance writer with the highest veneration. Having placed the candle on the table, the waiter shuffled about the room, pretending to dust some antiquated glass that stood on an antique side board, at the further end of the apartment; and when finished, there he stood like a true 'Oxonian waiting for *orders.*' Yates suffered him to leave the room and get half way the length of the passage, when he rung the bell; the waiter returned to the room in an instant. "I believe you rang, sir?" said Napkin. "Yes," said Yates, "bring me a pint of wine!" "Directly sir, port?" No, sherry was the answer. When he returned with the wine, our comedian desired to have another candle. "Another candle, sir," said the waiter, "a pint of wine and a candle, sir; rule of the house, sir, master rather particular, a pint of wine and one candle, sir!" "Oh, very well," said Yates, "then bring another pint and another candle: and waiter, bring pen, ink and paper." The wine, the additional candle, and writing materials having appeared, Yates sat down and wrote to a number of his personal friends, requesting their attendance. When the first arrived, Yates desired the waiter to bring wine. His order was attended to, but without the additional candle. "Hallo, waiter!" said the comedian, "here's a mistake! how is this? you have forgotten—you know it is a pint of wine and a candle—a candle and a pint of wine!" The candle was accordingly brought, and the same order for wine and its *accompaniment* was given on the entrance of every collegiate friend; so that when our hero had an opportunity of summing up his guests, he found he had 27 friends, 27 pints of wine, and 27 candles. For the three or four last arrivals, however, the candlesticks began to degenerate from silver plate down to humble tin, and with the twenty-eighth announcement came "mine host," bearing a chamber candlestick; he apologised for the waiter's impertinence, said it was entirely a mistake, and that our comedian had now in requisition every candlestick and pint decanter he had otherwise unoccupied in the house; and begged that for the credit of his inn, that if Yates should require more wine, he would have the goodness to drop the contingencies.

From the Susquehanna Register.

Messrs. Editors—Haven bin on a visit to the south ov this plase and fallen in with your noospaper a few days sins, I diskivered a proklamashun from Mister Strikland, to do grait feets, I spose he will be within to taik me up on the folloin performance:

PUBLIK NOTIS.—Oltho, not withstandio, how-sumever, Joe Strikland juncyour, hes ishued a proklamashun, settin 4th his supereeority to swallerin things that appear 2 naturel is unposshebel: Thair 4, so awl men, wymmen and children, that I Mosses Bangs, ov the stait of Nuhamsheer, dew banter the said joe to swaller the follerin artykles with me at any plais he may pich upon; I reckon joe wont be willen to meat a yankee fais to fais, an I ges iph he dues heal hav tu taik a snaiks exercys at gettin doon a tode, a4 he swallers sum of my dinetees. I will swaller without chawin fore shot towers, 12 mud masheens, wun fort filled with solgers and kannun, 6 saw mils awl a goin, wun tribe ov live ingens, half a groas ov alligaters, wun hrun oph grean tobakor with awl the niggurs it takes to wurk it, 7 hale storms, the big eend of the komit, tu meatin houses full of nullyfiars, and wun hundred nu kases of Kollery morbus for inturnal improvement.

MOASES BANGS.

Joanna Southcott, who was not only profane and impudent, but old and ugly, in answer to the objection urged against the employment of a woman in the vocation she had adopted, replied, "That if Adam had refused listening to a foolish ignorant woman, at first, then might men refuse their attention to a foolish ignorant woman, at last:" an argument readily admitted by her auditors, and a fair sample of the kind she was in the habit of giving them. This woman, it is said, came from Italy. It is something curious, that in Italy an English virgin made her appearance, in the thirteenth century, pursuing a like vocation. She was burnt at Milan. Some apology might be found for her followers, for she is represented to have been both beautiful and eloquent.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.—The following is an extract of a letter from the late Hon. Judge Peters to Col. John Trumbull, respecting the late General Thos. Robinson, of Nasman's Creek, Delaware.

A day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, he (Col. T. Robinson) was selected by General Washington to command a picked corps of two hundred and fifty men, well officered, with orders to reconnoitre and procure intelligence of the march and position of the enemy, which could not be obtained by other means in a disaffected part of the country. He advanced with all the precaution possible, but approached too near its main body, or a strong advance, sending off light horsemen frequently, with information to the General, through both night and day. At length he was pressed on, and was obliged to sustain a powerful attack. He drew up his command behind the walls of a burial ground, and coolly waiting the onset, reserved his fire till the enemy was within thirty yards. He then gave a well directed discharge, and mowed down great numbers of the foe.

But he met with a severe retaliation; for a strong corps was detached to intercept him, and through superior numbers he had to cut his way. His color was taken, or nearly so, but rescued by unexampled prowess in himself and some of his detachment. In this struggle he received a wound, of which, though not slight, he was unconscious, till he began to bear off the trophy. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, he brought off the remnant of his brave but unfortunate corps. He returned to our army with only *thirty of his companions.* The General's anxieties were highly wrought up, and he waited on the bank of the Brandywine, viewing with poignant solicitude the passage of the small remains of his chosen detachment, wading more than knee deep through the stream. For Robinson he always had a personal esteem; but the fate of his gallant associates the most deeply affected his sensibilities. You know how magnanimously the General could, in most instances, control his feelings, inasmuch that adversity seemed to have no power over his conduct or countenance: but on this occasion his usual habit of checking his sensations forsook him. He spurred his horse into the stream, drew up in contact with Robinson, threw his arms round him in a paroxysm of fervid affection, and marked approbation mixed with penetrating regrets. The Colonel has often told me, that he was more overcome by this unexpected reception, than by all the toils and dangers he had passed. Bleeding with wounds, almost prostrate with fatigue, and nearly incapable before this to sit on his horse, he with difficulty maintained his seat. What a moment of rapture for an honorably, yet inevitably, defeated soldier!

A SEED FARMER.—An honest son of Erin, who had saved money enough by his industry to purchase a small farm, undertook to manage it himself. He accordingly bought his seeds at a seed store, and planted them all done up in papers—just as they came from the store. A bystander who observed him, began to laugh at him and told him he was doing wrong. "Ah, let me alone for that," said Pat. "I am making a seed garden; did ye never see seeds grow all papered and labelled, just as they sell them in the shop! Out upon ye!"

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A DREAM.

As I was sitting, a few evenings since, in my arm chair, before a cheerful fire, musing upon the ills of life to which we poor bachelors—for know, courteous reader, that I am one of that unlucky class of mortals—musing, as I said, upon the many ills to which we are subject, and the poor opinion which the world entertains of us in general; I thought within myself, that something might be done to show the world, that bachelors, despised as they generally are, are possessed of as good hearts, and are as willing and able to do as much for mankind, as those of their sex who have had the good fortune (and perhaps it may be questioned, whether or not it is a *good* fortune) to be enlisted under the banners of hymen.

Among the different projects which crowded upon my mind, the most prominent one, and the one which appeared likely to be most beneficial to mankind, was a plan for *general education*; and while resolving in my mind the best means for obtaining this end, sleep crept upon me.

And as I slept, I thought I was translated into the dominions of a mighty prince, who ruled his people as with a rod of iron. The people appeared sunk in ignorance and vice; and were obliged to work like slaves to subserve the wills and pleasures of the king and his haughty nobles.—Within the palace all appeared to be joy, and pleasure, and happiness—and plenty seemed there to reign; without, among the people, all was poverty, wretchedness and want.

Then I thought I was in the midst of a large assembly of the people, who bewailed their condition, and looking up to the skies, cried aloud for succour—but the officers of the king came, and dismissed the assembly, and compelled them again to labor.

Again I thought the people were assembled, and while bemoaning their hard condition, and venting complaints against their cruel task-masters, suddenly there appeared in the midst of them, a figure clothed in white, whose right hand held a two-edged sword, and whose left contained a roll, which being partly unfolded, exhibited the letters of the alphabet. She thus addressed the people: "I am the Genius of Education.—I have observed the many miseries to which you are exposed—the cruel tyranny under which you labor. I have heard your prayers for assistance, and I have come to alleviate your sufferings.—Enlist under my banner—obey my commands, which will be by no means burdensome, but light and pleasant to be performed—and I will deliver you from your cruel task-masters. I will change your situations from poverty and wretchedness, to plenty and happiness. You shall no longer be scourged and beaten by your cruel task-masters, but you shall be made equal, nay, far superior to them. In fine, obey my precepts, and peace, plenty and happiness, shall reign throughout your country."

The people, with one voice, proclaimed their willingness to obey her, and requested to know her commands. She unfolded the roll which she held in her left hand, and as she unfolded it, it appeared to increase. The letters upon it were arranged, first in syllables, then in words, and then in sentences. Then came figures, and maps and globes—and the words "Mathematics," "Geography," and "Astronomy" appeared—as the roll increased, there appeared "Philosophy," "Logic," "Chemistry," and many other names—and under each a definition of its meaning and its use. These she explained. She taught the people to know and distinguish the letters—then to join them in syllables—then to join the syllables in the form of words—and then of the words to form sentences. Thus she went on until she explained the first division of the roll—and then all was hidden from my sight.

Again I thought I was in the same country; that many years had passed since I had last seen it, and that it was entirely changed. The cruel king, and the more cruel nobles, no longer tyrannized over the people; but the people themselves had now become the rulers, and appointed their own officers. Poverty and woe no longer reigned in the land; but all was happiness and plenty. The people were no longer oppressed, beaten and scourged; but they lived happily and securely, enjoying the fruits of the earth, which were produced in great abundance. Schools too, which before had not been heard of, were now numerous, and learning flourished. "Happy people," I exclaimed, "whence comes this change?" With one loud voice they answered, "You behold the effects of Education." J. F.

RIVAL MUSICIANS.

"Alexander Coploffe, a chin music performer, and John Smith, a flute player with one hand, were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having disturbed the whole neighbourhood of Copthall-buildings by their discord. The defendants, it appeared, were in the habit of delighting the public with pieces of music, and after having played several airs on Saturday evening in Copthall court, they struck up "God save the King," as a finale. The flute player played with great simplicity, barring shakes, which he rattled through the court in wonderful abundance, while the other whipped his chin through an immense number of variations. It was, however, the opinion of the crowd, that the instruments did not agree, and the general cry was, that the shaking gentleman, being but second best, should cease altogther. The flute player did not relish the preference given to his comrade, and for the purpose of showing his contempt for his hearers, played up "Molly, put the kettle on," by which expedient he drew down the heavy displeasure of the chin musicins, who at once turned his knuckles from his own face to that of his partner, and gave him a most disagreeable smash on the corresponding part of the countenance, which, to the surprise of every body, sent forth no musical tone whatever, although played upon exactly to the right spot. The flute player, in an instant, brandished his copper-bound flute, and with an excellent aim, tried to knock music out of Mr. Coploffe; but although the melodious instrument came in contact with the melodious jaws of that gentleman, nothing was heard but a loud bellow and a doleful exclamation. The gentlemen who own chambers, and who have lately shown very little taste for the higher sort of musical entertainment, then interposed, and caused the combatants to be taken into custody.

The Lord Mayor said that he had several complaints from men of business in the retired parts of the city, against singers, whistlers, fifers, hurdy-gurdy grinders, and others, who were often paid to stay away. The least such gentry could do, surely, was to bar their discord as much as possible.

Smith (the flute player) said that he had introduced the chin-chopper to the town. At first the people were disposed to laugh at such a nonsensical piece of mummery, but they bore him at last, the introduction was so respectable. (A laugh.)

The Lord Mayor—He has the advantage of you in not being at the expense of an instrument.

Smith—Yes, my Lord, he has only to dab his tongue up against the roof of his mouth, and to work his fists upon his chin, and out comes all his music. There is no use in such juggling. I have only four fingers and a thumb in the world, and I can play any air that ever stood in an orchestra.

Coploffe—You play! you can't play noce at all. Nobody would give you a farthing if de did'nt for pity when de saw you shivering and shaking—I don't know yot make me beat my chin along vid such a stupid rascal.

Smith—How would you have got your living, but for me? Please you, my Lord, he was but a poor beggarly foreigner when I took him in hand.

The Lord Mayor—And what will you call him now?

Smith—He told me when I first seed him that he had plenty of practice, for he had nothing else to do with his jaws but to play upon them. (laughter,) and now he has every thing a gentleman wants.

Coploffe—De people likes me best; he gets more for charity, but I gets more for music; he blows on dat flute of his until he set all a shivering and shaking; de people trembles when de looks at him, and den de gives him hawpennies. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—But you had no right to strike him, my good chin chopper, although he might have played out of tune.

Smith—I forgive him that, my Lord; for I gave him better than I got; besides, we're both going to a party to-night, at the west end of the town.

The Lord Mayor—But I will not let either of you go until I have every reason to believe that we shall not be troubled with you again.

Smith—To tell you the truth, my Lord, after one whole day's work, we only got fourpence, and most of them were so bot, that we melted 'um in beer. Sometimes at the west end we have crowds after us, and we always gets our money raw. (Laughter.)

Coploffe—'Tis his cursed flute vot gets de burning hawpennies; I never hits up none ven he play, or I get de scald. Ven I play de hawpennies comes like out of the sky. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Well, you may get but if you appear before me again, I'll send you where the hawpennies are neither hot nor cold.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barley-mount Cross, in which he sold whiskey—from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale and provisions. One evening a number of friends returning from a funeral—all neighbors too—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there: Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported, for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun: Owen Connor, a march of intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors, by making them swallow their processes and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out, so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whiskey and ale began to flow. After due observation and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim, (with his gun between his legs,) and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlor below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property.—One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire.

* * * * *

Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; d—n him—but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some griskies forthwith. Paddy was completely nonplussed; all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—"'Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house—sure they had ate and drank enough." But all in vain—the cold sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed.—So Paddy called a council of war in the parlor, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Agrah Jillen, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was your's, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it."

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there isn't a bit in the tub. Oh the murtheria villains! That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure Andy would kill me if we don't make it out any how; and he has'nt a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coaxing, coming; d'ye hear them?"

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gusger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God, here's Andy getting up. We must do something. Thonom an dhiaoul, I have it. Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. * * Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hold your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em, too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound nota and a bog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the gravy.

"By——," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stew. How a man would dine treoch after that."

If the tripes had been of ordinary texture; drank as was the poesy, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well," says Owen Connor, "that I might eat! but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very old."

"By——," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man! I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun: "and 'tis the greatest shame they had'nt a bull bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's Bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—Asda churp nan tagusbeh,"—[May it never come out of his body.]

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shannon's great cow? near the steeple I suppose; the great cow that could'nt walk with tallow.—By — these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy gire me two or three libbers more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shannon's cow; I wonder what they gave her Paddy. That I might'nt!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes, And how they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good meat from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavoring to help Tim, uttered aloud, "Thonom an dhiaoul! what's this? isn't this flannel?" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was now turned to Paddy; but with wonder full quickness he said, "Tis the book tripe, agragal, don't you see?" and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I did'nt think that 'twas a piece of leather breeches when I saw Andy chawing it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self possession was nearly all lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. o o o o o

But Tim Cohill made a most reasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and it would be good for every poor man in the country of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were riveted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "Kirkappa, dar dhia!" [A button by ——.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all; and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake, Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? D——n yer bloods won't you catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee buttons screwed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning, to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there—but the latter was completely on the suchraun, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

From "Whispers to a Newly Married Couple."

DRESS.—There is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness as when she leaves her bed room, and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment, vanity stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very sake of pleasing her husband, that she thus appears neat and nice. Some one says, "a woman should never appear untidily or badly dressed in the presence of her husband." While he was a lover, what a sad business if he caught her dressed to disadvantage! "Oh dear, there he is, and my hair is all in papers; and this frightful unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early—let me off to my toilette!" But now he is your husband, "dear me, what consequence? My object is gained; my efforts to win him, and all my little manœuvres to captivate, have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life, in endeavoring to please her *husband!*" I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman; and yet, when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness, and the attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object; and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than a pretty woman, dressed, soiled and untidy; for, believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he conscious of the cause,) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.

We have often heard of the expression, "A man in a thousand," but from the following expression, in a late number of Cobbett's Register, it would appear that he wishes himself to be considered a thousand men in one. "Justice would point out," says he, "a vote of thanks to me, for I have done more in making a reform than any other thousand men in England."

A conjurer lately announced the following performance, in England: I will drive eight tenpenny nails into the small of any gentleman's back, place him in a *loadstone* chair, draw out every nail, and he shall feel no pain.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty third day of July, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

A Catechism of American Law. Adapted to popular Use.

The right whereof he claims as Proprietor; in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

A Card.

TO meet the wishes of a number of the patrons of the Musical Fund Society, the undersigned have concluded to hold their Annual Concert on the evening of the 11th inst. at the *Musical Fund Society's Hall*, instead of at the Adelphi, as at first contemplated. Subscriptions will be received by the undersigned, and also on the first evening of the Musical Festival.

The artists and particulars will be given when the first Musical Soiree will take place.

Adolph Kalkbrenner, Adolph Schmitz,
Wolfgang Schmidbickner, Leopold Meignen,
T. C. Worrell, Vincent Schmitt.

nov 17—3t

Valuable Stand for Business.

WILL be sold on the highest bidder, on Saturday the 22d of December next, at the late dwelling house and desirable property, situate in the village of Lionville, opposite the Old Red Fox Tavern, Uwchlan Township, Chester county, Pa. adjoining Friends' Meeting House and farm of Jacob Hevner, at the intersection of six public roads, distant from Philadelphia 30 miles, Downingtown 4 miles, Yellow Springs, 3 miles, and Westchester 7 miles. It would be worthy the attention of any person having a large family, an old established stand, that is in such neighborhood, and very healthy situation. Containing one acre and 30 perches, with a convenient two story rough cast stone building, 40 feet front by 26 deep, with stone kitchen back and other buildings adjoining. The house is divided into three rooms on one story, with an entry and large stone kitchen square, included. On second story, 3 rooms and garret above: the whole has a piazza collared under, with balcony the whole length of the house.

A large frame barn, nearly new, carriage house, and other out buildings; a well of good water, with pump, a variety of fruit trees and grape vines, just in bearing. All the above in good order.

Also, several building lots, in and near the said village. Likewise 2 lots of 5 acres each, within half a mile of said property. Persons wishing to attend to the premises will please apply to the residence, ABRAHAM WAGENSELLER.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. nov 17—ts

Winter Millinery.

MRS. H. HARRISON AGEN, respectfully informs her customers and the public, that she has opened a splendid assortment of the latest and most approved *Parisian Full Fashions*, at No. 183 South Second street, between Pine and Cherry, west house to the Catholic Holy Trinity Church.

P. S.—Wanted, two good hands, and several apprentices. nov 6—3t*

For Sale,

THE Engine and Machinery now in operation at No. 900 Callowhill street, consisting of—

A 6 horse high pressure steam engine,
Dye wood chopper and tray,
2 sets of mill stones,
1 pair of chasers,
1 mortar, and 1 Barille mill.

The above machinery is in good working order, and is well calculated for grinding, polishing, and finishing, and rendering of drugs and the chipping and grinding of dye-woods.

The terms will be moderate. Part of the purchase will, if desired, remain out in grinding, &c. SAM'L KIMBER.

nov 17—3t*

To Manufacturers & Artists.

TO RENT, the Third and Fourth Stories of the house at the S. E. W. Corner of Second and Chestnut streets—they are well lighted, large, and in perfect repair, particularly well adapted to Manufacturers and Artists. They will be rented separately or together, as the case may be. Entrance from Chestnut street. For terms, which will be reasonable, apply to

JOHN M'ALLISTER, Jr.
61 Chestnut street, or
W. W. YOUNG,
12 South street.

nov 17—3t

Misses C. & S. Jahns,

RESPECTFULLY inform the Ladies of the city and vicinity of Philadelphia and elsewhere, that they have just opened their Fall and Winter

MILLINERY,

At No. 92 North Ninth street, and have now on hand, an extensive assortment of the latest

PARIS AND OTHER FASHIONS.

Also, Ladies' Travelling Bonnets, and Dress Trimmings, of all descriptions.

nov 10—1t

Families and Country Merchants

LOOK AT THIS.

AT 270 Market street above Eighth.—Merino shawls and silks. Cassas velvet do. do.

Heavy black silk velvet, $1.50 per yard, each as sells at $2.50.
Scarlet and black merino long shawls, all wool, $6, worth 14.
5-4, 6-4, 7-4 black, scarlet and white merino shawls.
5-4 black merino castile shawls ..... $4.50, worth 9.
10 pieces heavy black Gros de Naples ..... 37 1-2 cents.
15 do. first quality Gros de Swiss ..... 50 do.
4 do. blue and black Gros de Tour ..... 62 1-2 do.
10 do. 2d wide colored Gros de Swiss, only ..... 50 do.
50 do. French 3d mourning chints, new style ..... 18 3-4 do.
30 do. do. dearin chints, only 31 1-4 each as sold at 50 cts.
50 do. dark chocolate and other colored chints, 37 1-2 cents.
Ladies' fine worsted hose, 37 1-2 cents.
75 pieces rich work'd bobbinet lace, by the piece, 9 cents.
Ladies' super elastic top hankin mits, only 8 cents.
75 do. large assorted 4 qr. capes, all sorts and sizes, 18 3-4, worth 60 cents; *ladies' super long* ditto hankin mitts.

☞ *Just received from New York,*

150 6-4 silk lace veils, work'd with Mohair, the handsomest in the city.

100 7-4 & 8-4 silk lace shawls, 175 ladies' superior made corsets, 60 as splendid rich work'd muslin for curtains, assorted patterns, only 25 cents, worth 100.

Large assortment of all colors, ladies' superior elastic top hankin gloves, 25 cents: 1 Cartoon, 137 new style real Thibet wool shawls $1.50. 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 Thibet wool shawls.

A large assortment of Ladies' embroidered and plain silk stockings, 50 per cent less than regular hosiers' ladies.

1 Carton extra wide fine bobinet lace flounces; extra superior quality of cloths, new style, only 45 cents.

ALSO, 5 cases ladies' and misses' superfine Leghorn hats, for sale at one half the usual price. 2 cases ladies' superfine real English Dunstable bonnets, 2.50, worth 35.

On hand, a large assortment of satinets, flannels, Irish linens, &c. &c. and a number of other kinds of goods, too tedious to enumerate.

☞ Country merchants wishing to purchase merino shawls, silks, or silk velvets, &c. will find it 20 per cent to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am selling merino shawls and velvets, as the subscriber wishes to close the sale of them, and they will be sold a real bargain. Call and examine for yourselves. nov 27—tf

The Consumption is Curable.

THIS fatal disease numbers as many victims as the cholera, and yet is hardly attended to. The common mode of treatment by the faculty is totally inadequate, whence it is deemed incurable.

Prof. Rafinesque, Polyist, professor of medical botany, author of 15 works on Natural Sciences, and the *sort of curing the consumption*, 1 vol. price $1, has perfectly succeeded in finding the different modes of cure for the 60 kinds of common diseases known and described in his book.

He gives various remedies according to causes and symptoms, and practices exclusively in all diseases of the lungs. Ample written consultation $1.50, some are 5. Where on a express statement of cases. First verbal advice, $2. All the needful advices and remedies furnished for 25 dollars. A cure warranted, or the life of the patient insured, at moderate premiums agreed on by simple calculation.

The *Polonal*, in syrup, (a balsam for inhalation) a pleasant and fragrant remedy, and a kind of medical specific in curing the different modes of consumption. It will be sent per express all over the United States at 1 dollar for 10 doses, lasting 10 days. A cure often performed in a few months: it has saved or restored 250 persons from Boston to New Orleans. Sold in Philadelphia by T. Bonsall, corner of Second and Market; Herbst & Schell, Marshall, Garrigues, &c. and the Rafinesques, No. 20 North Eighth street.

sept 29—3mo*

Haddonfield Boarding School

FOR BOYS.

THE Subscriber proposes to open a Boarding School in the pleasant, healthy village of Haddonfield, *New Jersey*, six miles from Camden, to commence the first of the 11th month next: in which will be taught the several branches of an English education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Composition, Natural Philosophy, History, and the Mathematical branches.

Price of Board and Tuition, 25 dollars per quarter of 12 weeks, payable in advance.

Washing and Mending 25 cents per week. The usual prices will be charged for books and stationary.

References.—Thomas Kite, No. 84 Walnut street, James Dunlap & Co. 55 North